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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Spain Revisited.* By the Author of 'A Year in Spain.' 2 vols. Bentley.

THERE is not a greater contrast between London in November, when the sun "peeps through the blanket of the dark," and the golden glowing noon of a summer's day in Southern Italy, than between the humour of "the American" in England and in Spain. But why should not the traveller have as many sympathies, antipathies, and crotchets, as the most chary and self-indulged firesider? It is not long since we heard the climate and scenery of the Val d'Arno itself abused, and likened "to the sun staring, scorching down into a huge copper-kettle," by a pleasant upholder of strange heresies. For ourselves, we have toleration for all humours except ill-humour, therefore it is that the present two volumes—as lively and graphically sketched picture-books as could be desired—are most welcome to us.

Lieut. Slidel entered Spain for his second visit early in January 1834, and arrived again in Paris on Easter Sunday. Perhaps, by way of a cord on which to string together such bright bits of life, manners, and scenery as we shall think best to offer, it may be well to trace his route, premising, that the disturbed state of the country, which interrupted the regular conveyances, and shut up the ordinary routes, must have given no little zest and picturesqueness to his journey. At Bayonne he was recommended to join company with a muleteer as far as Pamplona: he did so, and, leaving the beaten track, passed through Ustariz, the pass of Orsundo, Ariscum, Elvetea, and Billaba. At Pamplona he provided himself with a similar escort, and proceeded through Tafalla, Caparoso, Valtierra, Tudela, and Alagon, to Zaragoza—thence by diligence to Madrid. On his return he took the route through Guadarrama, Salamanca, Alagos, the valley of Duero, Tordesillas, Simancas, Valladolid, Burgos, thence again to Bayonne;—making excellent use of time and opportunities by the way—now assisting at mass in magnificent cathedrals, or luxuriating in bird's-eye views from the summits of their towers, or Asmodeus like, watching the flirtations of fans, mantillas, cowls, and sombreros, from the balcony of his temporary lodging—in one page giving a tale, told over the fire of a posada, in another, a fragment of a sermon. In short, in Spain the American has an eye for colour, and a heart for merriment—knows how to cage a group when he has caught it, and finds travelling difficulties so many amusing features in his picture. There is nothing of statistical or political detail, so anxiously to be desired in the present state of Peninsular affairs; but we can recommend the work notwithstanding: it carried us, for the time, as absolutely into the land of bull-fights and boleros, as Lewis's Sketches of costume, and Roberts's of scenery and cities—and this is no mean praise.

Lieut. Slidel's journey commenced inauspiciously: a storm on the Pyrenees, he tells us, almost led him to look back with tenderness to the coal fires, and omnibuses, and mud-carts of London; but the weather clears somewhere about p. 40, and we hear no more of such senseless misgivings. His first guide appears to have been faithful and zealous. In the valley of Bastan,

(the scene of so many bloody battles between Lorenzo and Zumalacarréguí,) we have a droll, and, we are told, national proof of Sylveti's responsibility for the safety of the goods and chattels belonging to his charge.

"On renewing our journey the road continued to ascend towards the famous pass of Velate, and we soon found ourselves in utter solitude, Sylveti and I being entirely alone, his brother having gone on with the mules in advance of us. I now noticed that my umbrella, fastened to the load of his mule, was broken, and told him so: he said it was impossible; but got down, nevertheless, examined it, and saw that it was even so, and that the mule had been lying down. He looked perfectly blank, and said not a word for the space of a minute; at the expiration of which he seized a huge stone, and, discharging it full against the skull of the offending animal, he broke forth with the exclamation, 'By the life of the devil—*por vida del demonio!*' expressed with terrible energy. I never heard such a tempest of fearful curses, or saw such a shower of thick-falling stones, as were directed against the face and eyes of the poor animal, which his left hand tightly held and prevented from escaping."

Our next extract is a picture of this sturdy contrabandist by his own fireside:

"Leaving the direct road to Pamplona, we crossed the Arga by a steep antiquated bridge, and making a second turning aside, the mules halted before the portal of a large massive building, which proved to be the stronghold and castle of Sylveti. The stout double door at once flew open at the sound of our bells, and a young shepherd, in the same dress as his flocks, namely in a jacket and trousers of sheep-skin, held a lamp to receive us, while a huge Pyrenean sheep-dog, his companion, bounded forward to receive and caress the younger Sylveti, while the mules hastened to enter their place of shelter with a better will than they had evinced on any occasion since the commencement of the journey.

"On looking round, I found myself on the ground-floor of a large building, the repository of an extensive farm, where everything was nightly assembled, for the security which is to be found, in lawless countries, within stout walls. Here everything had its allotted place; at one side was a pen for the flock of two hundred sheep, of which Sylveti was the proprietor; at another the stalls for the mules; here was the brushwood to burn during the winter, and there a large pile of leaves preserved for compost; while immediately beside where my mule halted stood three cows, their heads protruding over the manger to take note of our arrival; and which, in connexion with the figure of the skinclad shepherd, and patriarchal air of everything around me, most strongly brought to my mind some of Murillo's pictures of the Nativity. • • • Up stairs was Sylveti's wife, a very handsome woman, whom we found engaged in an occupation dear, doubtless, to Sylveti's paternal heart—namely, nursing her baby.

"Sylveti had preceded us and changed his dress, and was now attired in a flannel jacket, black breeches and stockings, and had altogether the air of an Hidalgo in dishabille. He came down to receive me, followed by all his little ones; lifted me, half dead with cold and inanition, from my mule, and conducted me to the apartments above. The stair opened on a large hall, which was of the whole extent of the house, and which, but for the roughness and inequalities of the plank floor, would have made an excellent ball-room. It was hung round with bunches of Indian corn, placed at equal intervals, with a view to display and ornament. At the side were the bedrooms, a workshop filled with every useful tool, and the kitchen, to which I was glad to be conducted, where there was a crackling fire to welcome us.

"Sylveti's wife was seated beside it, with an infant in her arms, while her mother attended to the chymical process going on among the pots and frying-pans. The room, which was a very large one, was cut off, and the portion towards the chimney isolated, by means of a huge wooden bench or sofa, with a tall back reaching half way to the top of the room. A table was attached to it, which could be lifted or let down at pleasure. While supper was preparing, the woman offered me chocolate. When served before the fire, our meal consisted of soup, salad, eggs, stewed rabbit, pigeons from Sylveti's own dovecot, and the usual dessert. Everything was very nicely served, but I had no appetite, and did much better justice to the bed of state which was prepared and warmed for me, and where I passed an undisturbed night.

"On rising early in the morning I found the family assembled around the kitchen fire; the children had crawled forth at this unusual hour, with their clothes in their hands, and were begging to be dressed. Sylveti was performing that operation for one of them himself, the brother and the shepherd being left to get the mules ready. Hardly had he finished one, before another sued for the unusual honour of being dressed by his father. The clothes of the children were neat and comfortable, with warm stockings and shoes. Everything, indeed, about the establishment indicated ease, comfort, and rule competency; and yet all this was the result of his own persevering industry, of the confidence inspired by his honesty and good character, and, perhaps, of the large gains attendant upon successful smuggling. One might be disposed to envy his condition, were his happiness less frequently interrupted, and procured by less privation. He does not sleep more than two nights each week in his own house, though he said he intended in future to let his brother go occasionally alone with the mules. When I asked how much he paid his brother for his services, he answered, 'Nothing; he lives and fares as I do, and when he gets married I shall give him his dowry.' Such disinterestedness and confidence are not always found even among brothers, and are an eloquent eulogy on the simple virtues of the mountaineers of Navarre.

"When all was ready, the young shepherd took my mule by the head and led him rather reluctantly forth. We recrossed the bridge and gained the road to Pamplona, the sheep-dog trotting in advance, until he discovered that the young man had gone back, when he hastened to follow the example. Sylveti remained behind, prolonging his moments of domestic enjoyment, and lingering to the latest instant among his household gods. There were many people going likewise in the direction of Pamplona; those who were on foot carrying pine torches, such as I had seen the night before, to enable them to pick their way, and furnish them with amusement and company. Sometimes they grew dim, when they struck them against the rocks to splinter them, and fanned them in the air: occasionally they were lost sight of at the turning of the road, or the entrance of a village; but they always appeared again, dancing mysteriously before us, the figures of the individuals who bore them being strongly defined to the view. At length one light halted till we came up; it was held by a woman, who was looking for something she had lost; she was accompanied by another, mounted on a mule laden with panniers filled with vegetables."

We must pass Pamplona without stopping: our author's next conductor was a carman or waggoner, less respectable, though not less picturesque, than Sylveti; one of those rakish, good-humoured fellows, who are full of tales and tricks, and know their road better by its hostleries, than its mile-stones. At Tafalla he found a wholesale hog-killing going on—as, also, at

Pamplona, where, we are told, the carcasses are hung up at the doors in pride and rivalry—strange escutcheons of prosperity. We pass the tale of the notorious 'Inn of the Chicken,' with its story of murder and escape, which is curiously like one of the ghastliest records of Irish crime ever used in fiction (the scene in the house of 'the bosheen' in 'The Nowlans'). We now come to Alagon, a place notorious by a proverb—"dearer than the fish of Alagon," implying, that a man has paid dear for his whistle. The explanatory story is pleasant enough to form an episode in Don Quixote or Gil Blas.

"In times past there was a certain captain-general of Aragon, who was a great gourmand, and very fond of salmon; of which delicious edible he was in the habit of receiving a weekly supply from the Bay of Biscay. Of course, the muletter who brought it passed regularly through Alagon, on his way to the vice-regal palace in Zaragoza; and the worthy alcalde of the village, having nothing better to do, had often held converse with the passing muletter, and made himself acquainted with his affairs. At length he took into his head that this said salmon, which was so nice a thing in the mouth of a captain-general, could not well prove unsavoury in that of an alcalde. So one day he stopped the returning muletter, and told him that he must have some of his fish. In vain did the reluctant muletter protest that his excellency would be in despair, and that he would be ruined; he insisted upon taking some of the best fish, and promised to pay for them at the same rate as the viceroys should pay for the remainder. The disconsolate muletter went his way, and arrived in due time in Zaragoza. Of course, his coming was attended with vast excitement. Cook, scullions, and major-domo, courtiers and parasites, placemen and pretenders to become so, were all in a terror of dismay when they heard of the disastrous deficiency. The matter was broken with caution to the insulted potentate, and the muletter ushered into his presence. 'How is it, my friend, that thou hast come so scantily provided?'—'May it please your excellency, the alcalde of Alagon has laid hands upon the best of the fish. He says that he has as nice a tooth as your excellency, and that he will pay for those which he has retained whatever your excellency shall pay for the remainder.'—'Tell the major-domo to pay thee a pound of gold for each pound of salmon, and go in peace.' The muletter did as he was ordered, and received the money with the best grace he could, and of course lost no time in going in search of more fish. At Alagon he had an interview with the worthy alcalde, and asked if the fish were not indeed as suitable food for an alcalde as for a captain-general. The alcalde pronounced it a delicious morsel, and professed his intention to eat it often. He sent his willing hand in search of the pistareens that were to pay for it, and begged to know what his excellency had given. 'A pound of gold for a pound of salmon!' was the answer, which broke like thunder on the alcalde's ear: he was a ruined man; he had eaten up his whole substance—house, lands, sheep, mules, and oxen, at a single meal. The word salmon was of course no very pleasant sound in his ears afterwards; neither is it in those of the natives of Alagon to this day; against whom the proverb is used as a reproach, and the words '*mas caro que el pez de Alagon*,' are now uttered there by a stranger under terror of his life."

A few pages after comes another good legend, told by the scapegrace carman, perhaps in defence of his own free life, but which we must pass, and proceed at a quicker rate than we have hitherto journeyed, having, as yet, only reached Zaragoza. This town, however, has been often described, and we are purposely confining ourselves to such things as seem to us peculiar. At Zaragoza, as at Tafalla and Pamplona, the hog seemed the animal in ascendant. Our author was encountered on his way from the Church of the Pillar to the Torre Nueva, by the announcement of a hog-lottery. The following is a scene something more refined—a peep at a carnival masquerade, given at the amphitheatre of bull-fights:

"The rush at the entrance was immense. It was,

however, worth while to trust one's self in the vortex to witness the scene within, for it was one of the most animated and striking I had ever seen. The amphitheatre was very large, capable of containing at least twelve thousand persons seated; yet it was entirely full, not only in the galleries and open benches, but also in the arena below. The better order of visitors, who had come merely to look on, were seated in the galleries, and were either masked or in their ordinary dress. The military on duty for the occasion occupied their usual elevated post, a sort of castellated situation, whence they might defend themselves if set upon by the mob, or fire upon the multitude in case of an affray, or any seditious acclamation in favour of the Pretender. In the centre of the arena, on a temporary platform, was posted the military band, which played the most delightful waltzes and country-dances with a peculiar grace; while all around the fantastic maskers capered and kicked up the dust in perfect harmony to the music, yet with a spirit and enthusiasm unknown elsewhere than among the excitable and extravagant Spaniards. The varieties of dress were infinite; for, independent of the costumes of Spain, from the Andalusian and Valencian to the Biscayan and Catalan, there was no lack of Greeks, Turks, and Moors, or those who fancied themselves such. Of no characters, however, were there such abundance as of the students of divinity, in their ordinary garb, with the simple addition of a defaced mask or domino. They were more than usually dusted and dragged, with their cloaks half torn off, exhibiting a deplorable absence of under garments; they seemed, indeed, to have very little regard for the little worldly property which they possessed, and entered with unusual energy into the favourite scholastic prank of banging each other with their cocked hats, or tearing them into fragments in a contest for possession. They evidently had as little respect for themselves as others had for them; many, indeed, making sport at once of their profession and their poverty. Some exhibited in their hats the greasy cards with which they gambled and cheated, or the wooden spoons with which they partook of the soup distributed at the doors of convents, while others displayed, in conjunction with these, the Latin motto—*omnia mea necesse porto*, or the more characteristic Spanish expression of simple *hambre*, or hunger.

"I left the amphitheatre, blessing the climate which enabled the inhabitants to partake of such an amusement in the midst of winter, in the open air. The crowd was now pressing in the direction of a church where they were chanting vespers; and in which a fine organ and well-appointed choir were performing a solemn anthem; a faint light illumined a painted and bleeding image of the Saviour, which hung from the cross with a frightful reality. Hard by was a picture of Our Lady of Grief; her head cast down, and big tears coursing down her cheeks. The people, as they entered, crossed themselves, fell devoutly on their knees, and moved their lips as if in silent prayer. These were some of the same I had seen just before, dancing with such frantic gaiety in the arena; and I marvelled how they could so suddenly pass from the extreme of worldly hilarity to such a depth of devotion."

There is not much at Madrid which calls for extract; but a sketch or two of political characters may interest the reader. Here is a portrait of the Queen Regent: the scene of her appearance is a musical exhibition at a Conservatory, in the success of which she is said to take great interest:—

"The little theatre where the entertainment took place was fitted up with great neatness, simplicity, and good taste; the curtain, which was very beautiful, represented a scene on the Tagus, at Aranjuez. The members of the school, whom I had often seen walking on the Prado, in procession, were arranged in front; the young men rather absurdly dressed, in elegantly embroidered coats, cocked hats, and swords, and the girls in shawls and bonnets; the hats and bonnets were, however, now equally laid aside, and the pupils of both sexes wore the Queen's favourite colour, known in Spain as the Christina blue. At the appointed hour, the clatter of many hoofs in the street, and, soon after, the clang of sabres and halberds falling on the marble pavement of the stairway and galleries, and shouts of 'Long live Christina!'

mingling with the stern orders of the military officers, announced the arrival of the queen. All rose to receive her, and she presently entered, accompanied by Don Francisco and Don Sebastian, with her two sisters, their wives. As she advanced up the passage to her seat, she was received with enthusiastic vivas and waving of fans, which she returned with a rare grace, and a captivating smile of recognition directed to those whom she distinguished. Her height is good, and she is extremely well formed, though inclining to become large. She was dressed with great simplicity and good taste, in black, with jet ornaments, and a panache in her hair, which was dressed à la *Chinoise*. Though her nose was somewhat larger than is necessary, and, withal, slightly *retroussée*, yet the style of her face was decidedly good, and the effect of the whole, enhanced by a sweet air of amiability and goodness of heart, was quite captivating. She did not take her seat on the species of throne, surmounted by a canopy, which was placed at one side, but on the front rank of benches, which happened to be only two immediately in advance of that on which I was sitting. The three princesses were attended by their chamberlains, among whom I noticed particularly one, on whose arm hung the queen's pelisse of velvet and costly furs, and who was a very noble-looking man, with a classical cast of countenance, and a pale complexion, contrasting strongly with his black and nicely-defined mustache, and a full dark eye, which while it reposed languidly within its lid, seemed capable of lighting up and kindling with excitement and fire. His plain dress of black, with no other ornament than the gold key which designated his office, corresponded with the simplicity and striking character of his whole person. On inquiry, I was told that his name was Muñoz, whom it was impossible not to look on as a most happy fellow, to hold an office of the kind about the person of so charming a lady. When the curtain rose, there was a variety of music, singing, and a play, in which the pupils acted, with the aid of the tragedian La Torre, from the theatre of the Principe. Though the acting was the best I had seen in Madrid, I was not sufficiently interested in it, not to find a much greater pleasure in looking at the queen. Her head was finely shaped, with a couple of little ears fitting nicely and tightly on either side; the first pair, indeed, that ever struck me as having any beauty; then her neck was so swan-like and faultless, and it so gradually and naturally spread out, and expanded into such a noble foundation, increasing at each instant in beauty and charms, until it disappeared vexatiously beneath the dress which concealed it; but, above all, when she turned her head, as she did from time to time, to notice and salute the ladies about her, her countenance so lit up with smiles, and became radiant with sweetness and amiability, that I could not keep from feeling towards her a degree of reverence and enthusiastic admiration, which was less a homage to her grandeur and proud condition as a queen, than to her exceeding loveliness as a woman. \*

"Since the death of Ferdinand, Christina is said to have evinced, in several instances, much energy and courage. On the occasion of the sedition which occurred in Madrid, when the royalist volunteers were disarmed, she was desirous to mount her horse and ride to the scene of danger, but of course this wish was resisted. Her riding, be it said in passing, is quite the admiration of Madrid, where females are not often seen on horseback. In energy, however, she is far exceeded by her elder sister, Luisa Carlotta, the wife of Don Francisco, since to her she is in no small degree indebted for the succession of her daughter, and for the position which she now occupies as Queen Regent. When the King became sick at La Granga, in August of 1832, he was prevailed upon to repeal his will, and leave the crown to Carlos. Soon after he fell into a trance, and was supposed to be dead, during which every thing was arranged by the ministers to proclaim Don Carlos, and Christina herself acquiesced in the act which was to deprive her daughter of a crown, and herself of the enjoyment of supreme power during a long minority. In the meantime the King came to life again, to the astonishment of everybody, and the disappointment of many. Luisa Carlotta, too, who had been travelling with her husband in Andalusia, now returned. She began by boxing Calomarde's ears very lite-



rally, for not acquainting her with the passing events; changed all the arrangements, procured the restoration of the original will, banished all those who had taken part in the scheme, and been too hasty in offering their allegiance to the new king, and violently upbraided her sister for a weakness which rendered her unworthy to reign. The stage itself never witnessed, indeed, a more complete shifting of scenes, and sudden reversal of an expected and probable catastrophe."

Here is an account of Cordova, now in command of the Queen's troops in Navarre. No wonder the liberal Spaniards are suspicious of him, and question his sincerity:—

"During the time of the Constitution, Ferdinand, while he pretended to acquiesce in it, was yet intriguing, and using every effort to overturn it. By the aid of a very brave young officer in the cavalry of the guard, by the name of Cordova, he projected a rising among the troops, to put down the Constitution. On the day appointed, Cordova rode into the palace-yard, at the head of some soldiers of his own corps, whom he had gained over, shouting, *Viva el rey absoluto!* Instead of being joined by the rest of the guards, they were attacked and borne down by superior forces, and, notwithstanding the courage with which they fought, were ridden over and cut to pieces. Meantime, Ferdinand, who witnessed the transaction from his palace window, seeing that the attempt was to have an unsuccessful result, and dreading lest his complicity should be suspected, hawled out at the top of his voice, '*¡At them; cut them to pieces! Do not spare one of the rascals!*' One can scarce conceive any thing in Eastern treachery more consummate and more refined; the massacre of the Mamelukes is not worthy to be named with it, for the Mamelukes were the enemies of their executioner; perhaps it may be regarded as even more infamous than that delusive treachery which tempted his own quondam page and favourite Torrijos to land on the coast of Andalusia, and when the news came that he and his followers were snugly caught in the net which a well-chosen agent had spread for them, suggested the characteristic despatch—'Let them be shot. I, the King—*Que los fusilen. Yo el Rey.*'"

The first volume closes with a lively picture of one of those barbarous exhibitions—a bull-fight—and an account of some visits made by the author to the principal prisons and houses of correction in Madrid; which convey an impression of ferocity of passion and indifference to human life, as characterizing the Spanish character to a degree, which, it might have been hoped, only existed in the imagination of novelists. We shall leave these untouched; and, on a future occasion, draw upon the second volume, for some of the pleasant and characteristic sketches it contains.

*A Statistical Inquiry into the Present State of the Medical Charities of Ireland, &c.* By Denis Phelan. Dublin, Hodges & Smith; London, Longman & Co.

On the recent occasion of our analysis of Mons. Quetelet's work 'On Man,' we were enabled to show, that statistics are a branch of inquiry by no means of that arid nature which their arrays of tabulated figures would lead a careless observer to suppose. These figures are all more or less pregnant with consequence; and the striking moral and political conclusions which they bring to light, carry with them a conviction not always to be obtained on such matters by the most logical reasoning, addressed to the most dispassionate understandings. This preliminary remark is necessary, to solicit the attention of ordinary readers to a work bearing so special a title:—Statistics, Medicine, and Ireland, afford an ominous combination. But the volume before us has many claims to notice; and not the least is, that it is the production of one of that truly useful class of medical men—the general practitioners;—a class which, though long ridiculed under the appellation of country apothecaries,

contrives, in spite of inadequate means and scanty opportunities, to acquire an average range of information and practical skill, enabling them to discharge their weighty and laborious duties with great credit to themselves and benefit to society. There is not a single instance in which the necessary sequence of supply to demand is more forcibly illustrated. The business of the country practitioner is one of incessant and wearisome toil, without one hour in the twenty-four exempted from the service of the public, or safe from the intrusion of the stranger. The remuneration is scanty, in remote districts even to penury—the education, necessary to the conduct of its business, expensive, arduous, and spread over a considerable lapse of years; yet, under all these disadvantages, the necessity in which this class of practitioners are placed, of covering the widest field of practice, has raised a sufficient staff of men of competent information for the service, notwithstanding the absurd and mischievous regulations still in force in our colleges and universities, for specializing the pursuits of medical students. On this point, *haud incepte loquimur*. It has more than once happened, that we have been compelled, in trying and ticklish circumstances, to depend on the promptitude, skill, and humanity, of the general practitioner; and it is not sufficient to say, that we live to tell the tale. Beyond the medical acquirement involved in that consequence, we are bound to bear witness to as much enlargement of mind and general information in the preservers of our life, as falls to the share of any of the most favoured description of persons engaged in the pursuit of absorbing professions.

Of this fact, the case before us is a striking instance. Mr. Phelan is a mere Irish country practitioner, to a great degree self-educated, as we are given to understand; one whose life must have been spent in riding over a dreary country, from morning till night, and administering to the necessities of its pauperized and destitute inhabitants; in the closest contact with minds of the coarsest structure, and engaged in the performance of the most disgusting offices! Yet we see this gentleman rising above the endless details of such an employment, to embrace the most general considerations of his profession, and to judge them with something of the comprehension of a statesman and a philosopher. Statistics are a young pursuit in these countries, and the formation of societies is thought necessary to the collection of facts adequate to the attainment of its objects; yet here is an isolated individual, who, amidst his dogged, daily avocations, finds, or makes, the opportunity for organizing a correspondence, and eliciting intelligence, which, if not sufficient for perfect accuracy, at least gives such a bird's-eye view of the medical charities of his country, as cannot but forward the best interests of humanity, and lead to much future good. We dwell upon this instance with the more emphasis, because we believe and hope such an example will not be lost upon the British public. There are hundreds of individuals capable of effecting equal good, who, from the want of such encouragement, suffer their opportunities to lie neglected; and we are satisfied, that if the maximum happiness and prosperity of the people are to be obtained, it is from the people themselves this benefit is to be drawn.

To obtain a deep insight into the interior condition of a people, there is, perhaps, not a shorter cut than through the statistics of its medical arrangements; and this is another incidental point of interest in Mr. Phelan's volume. There is a very prevalent opinion abroad, that the miseries of Ireland are greatly exaggerated, and that demagogues, in their want of well-condition-

ed grievances, are accustomed to make the most of what exists, and to add from the imagination what reality cannot afford. To those who entertain such a notion, the present view of the destitute condition of the sick poor in that country, notwithstanding all that has been done by government, will prove a source of painful surprise. What must be the general state of a people of which such a fact as the following can be stated? "Fever has seldom been less prevalent than in the three years ending 1831; yet during these years, in the fever hospitals of Dublin, 1 to 66½ of the whole population of the city and county" were received and treated. Even in the country, where the social causes of fever and of its epidemic spread, exist in a comparatively low degree, the fever hospitals are calculated to admit 1 in 760 of the whole population. Yet above five millions of the entire eight are estimated to be so situated, "from remoteness of these institutions and other causes," as to be incapable of availing themselves of their charitable assistance!

What a mass of misery is involved in this isolated fact! What countless victims left to perish unassisted, or, at best, to struggle through a formidable disease, with only such comforts as the charity and experience of their homely neighbours, or their parish priest, can supply! Instances, indeed, are not unfrequent, in which the fear of infection banishes the nearest relations, and in which, the leaving a little cold water for the patient is the utmost extent of aid that apprehension can yield to despair.

This dreadful consequence of the dispersion of a poor agricultural people has been felt by the legislature, which, having first provided for the erection of county infirmaries, and experienced their insufficiency, passed an Act, in 1814, giving the governors of these institutions the power of erecting a second. "But what," says the author, "has occurred? How many hospitals have been built in consequence? Only one." The reason given for this astounding fact is sufficient—it is not the interest of those to whom this power is confided to execute their trust. "And is it possible," Mr. Phelan asks, "that, such want being perfectly well known, the grand juries and governors of infirmaries, many of whom are the most respectable persons in each county, could so far neglect the trust reposed in them by the legislature and the public, as to have overlooked the discharge of so sacred, so useful, and so pleasing a duty?" Alas! Mr. Phelan hardly requires to be told that such is human nature.

We cannot spare room to follow out the many valuable inferences which Mr. Phelan has drawn on points more immediately connected with his especial subject, and he will, we trust, forgive us for the neglect, in consideration that the *Athenæum* is not a medical work, and that we are obliged to dwell on those matters which are of the most general interest to the largest class of general readers.

*Interesting Papers relating to the History of France, from the Time of Louis XI. to that of Louis XVIII., from Original Documents in the Royal Library.*—[Archives Curieuses, &c. Par M. Cimber et F. Danjou.]

[Second Notice.]

In looking over the many curious and valuable papers contained in these volumes, an idea strongly presented itself to our mind, of the peculiarly cruel character, both of the French government and of the people, during the period. In the successive accounts of the executions of state criminals, we feel as though we had unconsciously turned from the history of France and her kings, to a narrative of cruelties perpetrated by some eastern despot; and in the offi-

cial reports of the various outbreaks of popular fury, we can scarcely believe that we are not reading a chronicle of the barbarities of some horde of northern savages, rather than of the natives of "la belle France." And this is rendered far more striking to the reader well versed in English history, because England never, even in her worst times, presented so black a picture. In 1536, the era of the arts, of the profoundest scholarship, of the unexampled spread of learning, and the reformed faith, the eldest son of Francis the First, (that most polished of monarchs, and great patron of letters,) having over-heated himself at tennis, asked for spring water, which his cup-bearer, Count Sebastian Montecuculo, most imprudently gave him. The result might easily have been predicted, without taking counsel either of the planets, or the doctors of the Sorbonne—the Dauphin died, four days after, of pleurisy. Popular rumour, however, gave out that he had been poisoned, either at the instigation of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, or that of Catherine de Medicis, (whose real character, it would appear from this circumstance, was even thus early suspected); but as such exalted personages could not be proceeded against, the unfortunate Montecuculo was tried, tortured, and condemned to death. This, with the exception of the *tor-ture*, might have taken place in England, for during the whole of the sixteenth century, *poison* was as much the bugbear of the great, as witchcraft was of the lower orders: but what will the reader think of the kind of death to which the enlightened and chivalrous Francis consigned his son's cup-bearer?—"to be torn in pieces by four horses!" This horrible sentence, a favourite one with that she-fiend Fredegonde, (who, however, our readers will remember, lived in the sixth century, and not in the sixteenth,) the official notification before us very coolly states, was "carried into effect"; and it adds, exultingly, "that on account of the love and reverence which the French bear toward their princes," the most disgusting brutality was exercised by the populace towards the mutilated body, and that even "little children" amused themselves with pulling the hair from the head, and then tossing it about the streets as a football! Now, at nearly the same period in England, the cook of the bishop of Winchester was convicted of the crime of attempting to poison a whole household; and Henry, in the plenitude of his power, directed that the criminal should be cast into a cauldron of boiling water. This was done; but so disgusted were the people with this new mode of execution, that pity superseded every other feeling; and the criminal, who would have mounted the gallows amid the execrations of the multitude, so abhorrent was his crime to English feeling, actually became an object of sympathy; and Henry found, absolute monarch as he was, that he dared not trifle with the feelings of a nation.† Nor is the instance of Montecuculo an insulated one: the same punishment, attended with even more horrible circum-

† We are aware that the question may be asked, how then did Englishmen allow the *burnings* of this, and Queen Mary's reign? We answer, that the populace in these cases were passive, because, as the civil and ecclesiastical power united, brought the victims to the stake, nothing except a simultaneous rising of the people could have prevented it; and this could not be expected, except upon a point of popular interest. But that the populace were reluctant and disgusted witnesses of these barbarous punishments, we have the testimony both of Protestant and Catholic; and the burst of joy that hailed the accession of Elizabeth, was less on account of her Protestantism, than of the hope that the stake and fetter would no longer disgrace the market-places of "merry England." The narrow limits of a note will not allow us to do more than recommend to our readers to compare the accounts of the risings of the Pastoreaux in the thirteenth century, the Jacquerie in the fourteenth, and the Septembriseurs in the fifteenth, in France, with the popular risings under Wat Tyler and Jack Cade in England. Englishmen have often dragged obnoxious individuals to the gallows tree, but *never* to the stake or to the wheel.

stances, was inflicted on the conspirators against the Duke of Guise; while, after the tumult at Bordeaux in 1548, the leaders, previous to being broken on the wheel, had "a crown of red-hot iron placed on their heads, on account of their having usurped the sovereignty." It would be easy, though most revolting, to multiply similar instances, but we gladly turn away, remarking, that it is from the circumstance of the state of society in France during the middle ages, and, indeed, down to the period of her tremendous revolution, being so widely dissimilar from that of England, that while we dwell with eager pleasure on the pictures, all light and sunshine, of Sir Walter Scott, we turn almost with disgust and loathing from those of Victor Hugo. And yet these two gifted writers have each been charged with wilful and deliberate perversion of historical truth. A greater extent of historical knowledge would have taught their critics, that the picture "all light," no less than the picture "all shadow," is equally true to history; and as easily might a parallel be drawn between Paris, and her weak and inefficient twenty-five feudal lords, and London, with her merchant nobles and a municipal system, which the most despotic of her monarchs feared to touch, as between France and England during the middle ages. Lockesley, Cœur de Lion, Halbert Glendinning, the trust in the merry greenwood, the glad scenes in the castle hall, are as true to English history, as Clopin Trouillefou, Louis XI., the Court of Miracles, the Question Chamber, and the Oubliettes, are to that of France.

We have pointed to the darker features of Francis the First's character in our introductory remarks, we must now turn to the brighter side; and Francis was, indeed, one of the few French monarchs who possessed a bright side to his character. The following anecdote, which is related by Adrien de Boufflers, exhibits this monarch as singularly free from superstition—most singularly, when we remember that, at this period, the astrologer and the diviner waited in the ante-chamber of kings, and were consulted with as much interest, and with far more respect, than the profoundest statesman.

Francis, passing through Lyons on his way to Italy, where he fought the disastrous battle of Pavia, learned that there was in that city a certain Italian whose profession it was to predict future events; and what induced his Majesty to inquire of him was, not a vain desire to rob God of his attributes by the aid of the devil, but merely to amuse himself with his foolish talk. It was, therefore, to give him an opportunity of showing his pretended skill, that he asked him, what would be the result of his journey; upon which the reverend prophet replied in Italian—"Andarete, tornarete, non sarete preso." These words were two-sided, and as ambiguous as any oracle of the ancient Apollo, for, if the king had been victorious in that battle, he would have boasted of having predicted it in pointing the words as follows:—"Andarete, tornarete, non sarete preso"; that is, "Go, return, you shall not be taken." But if, on the contrary, fortune were unfavourable to the French, he could then say that he had warned his Majesty of it, by pointing the verse thus:—"Andarete, tornarete? non—sarete preso." "You shall go, shall you return? No—you shall be taken." But the king having a judgment far beyond such delusions, immediately discovered the tricks of this minister of Satan, and, therefore, sent him away better paid with scorn and shame, than with the recompense he had hoped he should receive.

The following extracts from the 'Accounts and Expenses of Francis the First,' preserved in MS. among the archives of the kingdom, are widely different from those which we laid before our readers relating to Louis XI.; but in each instance they are singularly characteristic. In the subjoined list of pensions granted to scholars, and which, from comparison with the prices of provision and labour at that period, seem very

handsome, we recognize the liberal patron of learning.

Jan. 1532.—To M. André Alciat, reader of civil law in the University of Bourges, for his salary 400*l.* tournois.

To Pierre Dennetz, lecturer in Greek, 200 crowns of the sun.

To Jacques Tousart, lecturer in Greek, the same.

To Agatino Gunidacerino, lecturer in Hebrew, the same.

To Francis Vatable, also lecturer in Hebrew, the same.

To Paulo Canosse, also lecturer in Hebrew, 150 crowns.

To Oronce Finée, lecturer on mathematics, 150 crowns.

Also 200 crowns of the sun, given him for a book of mathematics, composed by him, and presented to the said lord, being in his city of Rouen.

To Louis Alamany, gentleman of Florence, in gift, the sum of 1500*l.*, to defray the expenses attending on printing his works. Also, for sending to Venice for types to print the said Italian books.

To Messire Paulo Belmissere, of Pontreuil, who every day composed dissertations and speeches on many subjects connected with divers sciences, in the which he was thought very expert, and by which he afforded pleasure and recreation to the said Lord, to the end that he may have means to follow him and entertain him continually, 225*l.*

To Jehan Stracelle, lecturer in Greek, for his salary for two years, 900*l.*

To Barthelemy Latomus, lecturer in Latin, for his pension for two years, 976*l.*

To Master Guillaume Postel, whom the king has retained as his lecturer in Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic literature, in gift and favour, for his services in translating divers letters and books from various languages, and for his preparing himself and providing books, in order to his giving lectures in the University of Paris, 225*l.*†

If the foregoing entries exhibit Francis the First in his well-deserved character of patron of letters, the subjoined present him in the equally well-deserved character of patron of the arts.

To Justus de Juste, sculptor of marble, residing at Tours, the sum of 102*l.* 10*s.* upon his beginning to work upon two statues, one of Hercules, and the other of Leda, the which the said king ordered to be made.

28*l.* 14*s.* for two pictures of the Passion, painted in oil. 67*l.* 8*s.* for four other pictures, also painted in oil, and placed in the cabinet at the Louvre.

28th April, 1531.—To Pierre Spine, the sum of 3800*l.* tournois, which the king ordered him, in reimbursement of the sum advanced by him, by verbal command of the said lord, for the construction of the east horse, which the aforesaid lord commanded to be made, by John Francisco, the Florentine, master sculptor, to be placed in the Faubourgs of St. Germain des Pres les Paris. That is to say—for the purchase of a house, wherein to make the said horse, and to lodge the aforesaid John Francisco and his attendants, &c. 720*l.* And, moreover, for ten thousand weight of brass, furnished to the said John Francisco, at the rate of 125*l.* the thousand weight, of which there is remaining between three and four thousand weight, of which brass he is to make the statue which is to be on the said horse; and the sum of 1850*l.* more for the maintenance of Francisco and his attendants, and for the casting of the said horse.

Dec.—To Francois Roustien, sculptor, the same who made the great bronze horse, for his salary during seven months, 700*l.*

Mons. the Legate.—There is due to Jehan Juste, my sculptor in ordinary, the bearer of this, the sum of 400 crowns, remaining of the 1200 which I had before ordered him to have, for the bringing from the city of Tours to the place of St. Denis in France, the marble tomb of the late King Louis and Queen Anne (whom God assail). And beside, there is due to him the sum of sixty crowns, which he has furnished and advanced of his money, for the vault which he has made under the said tomb, to put

† Nearly all these lecturers were considered among the most celebrated scholars of the times, and to their labours efforts modern learning owes a debt which she has ill repaid, by suffering their names almost to sink into oblivion.



therein the bodies of the said late king and queen; with the which two sums the said Juste will be content, as in reason he ought.—Signed Francoys, Marly, 22nd Nov. 1531.

The entries of payments to his jewellers are curious: two hundred livres are given for one pearl; ten thousand livres are given for a diamond cross and chain, together with an agate cup adorned with precious stones. Expensive toys, like the following, seem to have been great favourites at this period; and that they were often finished with much skill and taste, is probable, when we remember that Cellini himself was frequently employed upon similar works. "A golden tablet, garnished with diamonds, rubies, and pearls, with a great topaz set in gold, upon which is engraved God the Father, and below a nuncio, and above, an angel who holds a great balas ruby in a ring"; also, "a brooch of gold to place in the cap, in which is a history in relief, with a great table diamond, intended to represent a fountain, in the said history." On one occasion, we find Francis most gallantly paying the goldsmith's bill for his daughters, and Marguerite of France, and others the ladies of their house, "because they were most honourably attired on the occasion of the interview, in the month of July, between our holy father the Pope, the Emperor, and our lord the King;" and this bill, which is for cuffs and collars, and borders of gold and silversmith's work, amounts to 11,610*l*.

The following entry reminds us of England:—

To two hundred and seventy-nine persons, sick of the evil, touched by the King our Lord, on the 14th day of August, the sum of 47*l*. 18*s*. To master Claude Bourgeois, surgeon of the king, who had visited the aforesaid persons sick of the evil, 41*s*.

These are curious:—

To John Robillart, called the shearer, the sum of six crowns of the sun, ordered him in gift, for his care and trouble in having brought from Meillera, in Normandy, to this place, an *Indian sheep*, of which the Lord of the said place had made a present to the king.

Jan. 1539.—In gift to Mademoiselle de Roy the office of superintendent of the mints at Paris, vacant by the death of the late Jehan de Beuz, that she may make profit of it.

In gift to Mademoiselle de Maubuisson, the office of serjeant of the horse at the Chastellet at Paris, vacant by the death of the late Pierre Barbier, that she may make her profit of it.

Permission is given to the inhabitants of the town, city, and faubourgs of Lantreguys, in the duchy of Bretagne, to learn the use of the arquebuss and the match-lock, and to hang up a popinjay (*papegaud*) of wood, or other substance, in a certain place and upon a certain day, year by year, in the month of May; and that he who shall bring down the popinjay, shall be permitted, during the said year in which he so brought it down and gained the prize, to sell and cause to be sold in retail in the said town, city, and suburbs, the quantity of (—) tuns of wine, of whatever growth it may be, free, quit, and exempt from all duties and imposts.

From the papers relating to the reign of the succeeding monarch, Henry II., we extract the following narrative of the interview between the Admiral of France and the Emperor Charles V. and King Philip, on the occasion of the ratification of the truce (1556). The author is considered to be Claude de l'Aubespine, Secretary of State under Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX.

On the Palm Sunday following, the Emperor being at his small house in the park of Brussels, in which he had for so long a time kept himself away from the business of the world, although he has still retained cognizance of the arrangement of his affairs, having for his counsellor the Bishop of Arras, who brought to his son and the lords of council, his advice, the Admiral and his suite proceeded to the aforesaid place. This habitation is a little building, which he had caused to be made at the end of the

park, near that gate of Brussels which leads to Louvain, and it resembles the retreat of a mere citizen, for I found in it only one ante-chamber, which also serves for a hall, and his chamber, each of which did not measure above twenty-four feet. It is approached by a flight of ten or twelve steps, intended rather to raise it above the damp earth, than for ornament. From the foot of this flight of steps, to the end of the ante-chamber, was a double range of gentlemen, the youngest among them not appearing younger than thirty-five; and the oldest not seeming older than forty-five; they were all dressed in black, were grave and noble in mien and bearing, and were all bare-headed as the French embassy passed along. He (the Emperor,) awaited the arrival of the Admiral in his chamber, seated in his chair, and having the gout; the said chair was covered with black cloth. Before him was a table about six feet long, covered with a black carpet; his chamber and ante-chamber being hung with the same; these rooms were immediately filled with the French, and with no others, for the gentlemen who had formed the double line, retired below the steps to make room. His dress was a short robe, of Florence serge, made like a citizen's, cut short above the knees, his arms exhibiting the sleeves of his doublet, which was of black German buckram, a cap surrounded with a little silk cord, and his shirt with only a simple band; this simplicity rendering this prince even more striking; and in truth he was very great, had but his inordinate ambition been more curbed in.

The Admiral approached with the reverence due to the greatness of this prince, and with his accustomed gravity. \* \* In receiving the letter, he tried to open it, but, as it was closed by a parchment band, stronger than those which are put round common letters, as is the custom of kings when they write to one another in their grandeur, he found great difficulty. The Bishop of Arras, who stood behind the chair, leaned forward to take the letter and open it, but he turned round to him and said, "How! Monsieur d'Arras, would you snatch this duty from me? I will not allow other than me to do it." In endeavouring to open it, he then turned toward Monsieur the Admiral, with a gracious smile and said, "What will you think of me, Lord Admiral? am I not a gallant cavalier, fit to rush forward and break a lance; I, who cannot without great difficulty open a letter?" Then he gave it to the said bishop, saying, "Read this," which he did. \* \* The Emperor, after it was read, entered into friendly discourse with us, and asked my Lord Admiral, "how the King did." "Very well, sire," replied my Lord Admiral. "Ah, then I am glad, for you must know that my heart rejoices at it, and not without cause; for I deem it some honour, that on the maternal side I have sprung from that stem, which sustains the most celebrated crown in the world; but it has been said to me, however, that he is growing grey. And yet that is nothing, so young as he is; for it seems, as one may say, scarcely more than three days since he was in Spain, a young prince, a child without one hair on his chin." My Lord the Admiral wished to deny this, and said, "Sire, of a truth the King has but two or three white hairs, and so have many others, even younger than he." "Ho, do not be amazed about it," replied he, "it is less than nothing. I ask after other folks, just because I will tell you what happened to me at the same age. Coming from Goletta to land at Naples, my Lord Admiral, you know the elegance of that city, and the beauty and grace of the ladies there, I wished to merit their favour as well as others. So the day after my arrival in the morning, I summoned my barber, to shave, dress, and perfume me; they held the glass to me, I looked and saw the same as the King my good brother. Struck, astonished, I cried out, 'What is this?' My barber said, 'Two or three white hairs; but there were more than a dozen.' 'Take them away,' said I, 'and leave not one!' This he did. Now do you know what was the end of this?" said he, turning to all the French lords. "Some time after, when I looked again in the glass, I found that for one white hair which had been taken away, three had come instead; and if I had caused these last to have been taken away, I should have become in no time, as white as a swan."

After this he inquired about my Lord the Constable,\* whom he praised greatly, as a good and useful

\* The Constable Anne Montmorency.

servant to his master. He also spoke of Madame de Valentiniois,† but not of others, for he knew that all the power and authority were lodged in their hands; and then casting his eyes on the French attendants, "I thought," said he, "that Bousquet was to be here. I do not know him by sight, but I think that it must be him yonder," pointing with his finger. "Sire," said the Lord Admiral, "that is he."

"Ah well, Bousquet, thou hast given us great largesse with thy crowns; how art thou?" "Sire," said he, "you take from me the power of speech, in deigning to stoop toward so mean a worm of the earth as myself."

"Ho," said the Emperor, "do you not remember that battle of the spurs, owing to thee and the Marshal de Strossy?" Bousquet replied swiftly, and with good grace, "Yes, sire, I remember it well. It was at the same time that you bought those beautiful rubies and carbuncles, which you wear on your fingers." These were the great swellings from the gout, which this prince had, and which rendered his hands almost useless. This remark was made with so much humour, that the Emperor and all around him burst out a-laughing, and then he said, "I would not for a good deal but have received this wise lesson from you:—never to address myself to any one, except you can make him believe what you please; but you have not hit it yet, I assure you."

Afterwards, my Lord the Admiral took leave; and before the company had descended the steps, the Emperor caused all the windows of his chamber to be opened, which looked upon the park, along the road which we returned, and he presented himself, that he might be recognized by all; for, only a few days before, he had been taken so ill, that it was reported that he was dead.

This interview, so naively and so minutely described, was most probably the last which the Emperor Charles ever held with the representatives of any of the crowned heads of Europe; for, in the summer of the same year, he signed his abdication, and returned to Spain, where, in the convent of St. Justus, about two years after, he died. From the same memoir, we receive confirmation of that singular story, which finds a place in some of the French histories; it is, that the circumstances of Henry II.'s death were plainly foretold some years previously by his horoscope. The present writer remarks, that, in the year 1556, the King being at Blois, subsequently to the signing of the truce of Vaucelles, "On the evening of his arrival, he received a special dispatch from Rome, containing the horoscope (drawn for him by Lucas Garico, the Bishop of Castellana). This I translated out of Latin into French, that the King might understand it. It was, however, neglected until the day on which the King was wounded, and then, when I presented the copy of it, it caused much and great astonishment." The editors have subjoined a copy in the original Latin, and certainly the passage more immediately referred to, is remarkably free from the ambiguity which usually characterizes astrological predictions: "But, about the forty-first year of his age, let him shun combat, for the stars threaten a wound in the head, which will immediately produce either blindness or death." Now, as the reader will remember, this monarch's death was occasioned by a wound in the eye, which he received from Montgomery, when tilting with him on the day of the marriage of his daughter Elizabeth of France with Philip of Spain, and he died before he had completed his forty-second year. A long account of his splendid funeral, reprinted from the official pamphlet, is inserted in this collection. We give the following extracts; the first, because it shows the high power and authority still demanded by the servants of "the holy Catholic church," in France, even at a period when the pretensions of that church were

† The celebrated Diana of Poitiers.

‡ This refers to his throwing crowns by way of largesse, among the people in the chapel royal the day before, at the instant that King Philip swore to observe the treaty.

scornfully questioned in almost every country of Europe; and the second, because it would appear as though, at this time, the *English* legal maxim, that the succession of the next monarch immediately follows the decease of the last, although recognized perhaps *de facto* in France, was not acknowledged by her law. The body of the King having been placed in coffins of lead and wood, covered with black velvet, and a white satin cross, and having a cloth-of-gold pall thrown over it, was borne, together with the effigy, in grand procession from Notre Dame to St. Denis, where—

The Prior, and the religious of the said St. Denis, came to the door to receive the body and the said effigy from the hand of the said Bishop of Paris, who made the following speech to the said Prior:—"Mons. the Prior, I here certify, as the humble Bishop of Paris, that the body of the late most Christian King of France, Henry, by the grace of God, second of the name, which is now lying within that coffin, has rendered up his spirit to God, within my diocese, both catholically and religiously, with the reception of all the holy sacraments, of our mother the holy church, as ever a Christian prince could do. And, because that he is to have his sepulture in your church of St. Denis among the kings, his predecessors, I have conducted the body to this place, to certify to you the aforesaid things, again assuring you on the faith of that prelate, in whose diocese he died, that you may make no difficulty of receiving it, at my hands, to conduct it in honour to the place of sepulchre, and to administer those divine services, customary for faithful princes and most Christian kings, who die faithfully in our Lord Jesus Christ." Then said the Prior, "My Lord, being certain of your uprightness and those virtues with which you adorn your episcopal dignity, I do not doubt of the very Christian and very Catholic end of the late King Henry, second of the name, of most happy memory (whom God absolve). Therefore I shall make no objection to receiving the body on your word, assuring you, both on my part, and on that of the whole of the monks of St. Denis, we shall do such duty in divine services, and honours due to its interment, that the body shall not be denied the holy intention of the state; and I pray you to hold me well discharged in this matter, assuring you, that of all that I have promised, there shall be nothing forgotten."

We suppose, therefore, that had the King evinced any leaning toward Huguenot principles, the Bishop of Paris and the Prior of St. Denis might have been powerful enough to have denied "the most absolute monarch"—a grave! After prayers, chants, and processions, the body was lowered into the royal vault.

And then the King at Arms, Vallais, descended into the vault, and the King at Arms, Dauphny, cried with a loud voice, "Kings at Arms, do your office," and immediately all the Kings at Arms and heralds came one after the other with great reverence to the brink of the vault, taking off their mourning caps and tabards, which they spread upon the coffin. Then the different captains of the guards brought their banners, Esquire Boulogne brought the spurs, Esquire St. Bonnet the gauntlets, Esquire Lewis the shield, Esquire Scipio, the coat of arms, &c. Then Mons. the Duke of Guise, as Grand Chamberlain, brought forward the banner of France, holding it by the spear end until he should unfurl it. Then the King at Arms cried, "Monseigneur the Duke de Montmorency, Grand Master of France, come do your office;" and after this call, all the maitres d'hôtel came bowing, and cast their batons into the vault, while the said Grand Master laid his baton aside, to be taken again at the proper time. "Mons. le Marquis d'Albeuf, bring hither the hand of justice." "Mons. the Grand Prior of France, bring hither the royal sceptre." "Mons. Prince de Joinville, bring hither the crown royal, closed like the imperial." All this was done, each bowing and kissing them, and then casting them into the vault. All these emblems of honour being placed in the vault, each one returned to his chair, and then my Lord Chief Constable, Grand Master of France, stood up, and said in an under voice, "The King is dead." Then the King at Arms advanced three paces into the choir, and cried aloud

thrice, "The King is dead, let us all pray to God for his soul." Then every one fell on his knees. After about the space of three paternosters, the said Lord Constable stood up again; and, drawing back his baton from the vault, said, "Long live the King." Then the said King at Arms took up the words, and cried in a loud voice, "Long live the King! long live the King! long live the King! Francis, second of the name, by the grace of God, most Christian King of France, our most sovereign lord and good master, to whom may God grant a very happy and long life." Then Guienne, the other King at Arms, took up the words, and the trumpets and drums of the said King struck up. And now the Duke of Guise, Grand Chamberlain, lifted up the banner of France, and the Lord Esquire, the sword royal. This done, the princes were re-conducted to the funeral hall.

Afterwards, all the chief officers of the royal household were called together by the Lord Constable, who said, "Gentlemen, it hath pleased God to call to himself the late King, our sovereign lord and master. \* \* \* Nothing now remains to me, but to say, that if I can serve you in anything, I will do it right willingly, and present you to his son, our sovereign lord, to whom I will be witness of your faithful services, as I am confident that his natural kindness of heart will not suffer you to remain in want; but, to the end that you may know that you have no further situation in the household, I break this baton in your presence." This baton, which was painted black, was another than that which he drew out from the vault, for that baton was never broken.

The death of Henry, and the accession successively of three of his sons, brings us to the threshold of that important period of French history, which was characterized by the rise of the Guises, the intrigues of Catherine de Medici, and the struggles of the ancient faith against the Huguenots. The field is too wide to enter upon now; and, as we have just received an additional volume, we shall endeavour to select from that, and the last of the present series, a few characteristic traits of the men and manners of that disturbed period, to lay before our readers in a future paper.

#### *Irish Varieties, &c., and a Plan for Relieving the Irish Peasantry.* London: Joy.

THIS is a book of anecdote and gossip, consisting of sketches and recollections of characters and manners met with in Dublin forty or fifty years ago. It includes notices of many persons well known or remembered; and, as there is no offence in it, it may be allowed to pass, without any laboured criticism, to its place among the harmless trifles which serve to while away the weary hours of literary idlers. Among the most pleasant of the recollections is the following of—

#### *"The Actress."*

"On the south wall leading to the Pigeon-house, about two miles from Dublin, is a convenient bathing-place. Returning from it one fine summer's day, in the year 1780, a lad, about fourteen years of age, with a handkerchief bundle in his hand, accosted me; he told me he had just landed from Wales, accompanied by his mother and two sisters; that they were going up to Dublin, and were perfect strangers. Finding I was going to town, he expressed a wish to be permitted to accompany me; I assented, and we halted until the ladies came up; he introduced me, and I was struck at their handsome and interesting appearance: they told me they wanted comfortable, but not expensive, lodgings. I said I thought it would be in my power to conduct them to a house where they could be accommodated; we proceeded to South Great George's Street, and found apartments that suited: I knew the proprietor, and made a good agreement for them. My residence was only three doors from theirs, so I attended them frequently until they were settled to their wishes. I soon discovered their pursuit was the stage. The mother, I learned, had been an actress, but on marrying a captain on half-pay, he retired for economy to Wales, where he resided until death called him away. She had, by his desire, given up the stage, and had nothing but the allowance of a captain's widow for

the support of herself and three children. That sum she found insufficient, even in Wales, and as she wished to educate her children well, she resorted to her former pursuit, and was then enabled to fulfil her wishes in that respect. Her eldest daughter was handsome, and promised well, and as she grew up gave strong proofs of talent for personification. She therefore cultivated her for the stage; she was naturally graceful and lady-like, which rendered the accomplishments of dancing and music easy of acquirement. English and French she had learned, and was considered a very great proficient in both, and was always noticed in company as an elegant young lady. Her mother had a letter to Mr. Ryder, then the proprietor and manager of the Theatre Royal. \* \* He heard the young lady, and approved of her probationary attempts, which, he said, were seldom delivered with so much ease at the first trial; from his fiat of approval and the report of the whole company who heard her at rehearsal, great expectation was formed, and the public were anxiously watchful for her approaching debut.

"Mr. Ryder left nothing undone to render her complete in the character, so that when her first appearance was advertised, all the play-going people were resolved to witness this young aspirant. The house was filled at an early hour, and on her coming out the cheering was so great that some minutes passed before silence was obtained, and then the poor young lady could not utter a word. Mr. Ryder prompted, tried to encourage her, but all in vain; her efforts proved abortive; a nervous affection seized on her tongue, and paralyzed her. This most painful scene was closed by Mr. Ryder leading her off the stage. \* \*"

"On the day after the failure, Mr. Ryder called to console the ladies; I was present; the poor mother shed tears; he intreated her to be more passive,—she should not be a loser, for he would make room for her in his company, and she might consider herself engaged from that night at the salary he was to have given her daughter; he requested her to furnish him with a list of characters that she was prepared in, and he would lose no time in giving her occupation; that Miss Francis might get familiar with country companies, and there was every reason to hope for her restoration. Meantime, he thought it advisable to try Dolly, her younger daughter.

"The mother, greatly penetrated by Mr. Ryder's voluntary and disinterested friendship, thanked him in the best manner she could under the conflicting state of mind her situation had excited; but as to Dolly, she feared it would be a vain hope her studying a part.

"Yes, mother, I would, if Mr. Ryder wishes me to do so."

"Why, it was but just now you have been jumping down stairs; I heard you boast of having taken one step more than your brother, or this young lad, dare attempt. Then, see, Mr. Ryder, how untidy she is, her stockings down."

"Oh! I don't mind that," said Ryder, "we'll have them gartered—nay, cross-gartered, if necessary. Eh, Dolly! shan't we?"

"Yes, sir; and away she ran to adjust her dress. "Then her mother observed, how plain in point of looks she was, the small-pox having spoiled her face.

"Oh," said Ryder; "surely, you ought to know the stage hides all these trifling blemishes."

"Dolly returned, cheerful and quite smartened up."

"Let me see," said Ryder, looking in her face, "ay, small-pox, indeed, and very small in our region; I'll answer for her. Here, Dolly, take this book and get the part of Phœbe; you know the play, 'As you Like it.' I'll hear you when perfect, and we'll then have a rehearsal, and with some hints and directions, out you come in about a fortnight. \* \*"

"The whole party were lifted up by this visit of the manager. Dolly set about her first lesson. Her brother and I were obliged to practise our gymnastics together, as Dolly never joined us after in any of our feats.

"When Mr. Ryder had given her the necessary instruction, she made her first appearance, and with such eclat that, when her second night was given out, the applause amounted to acclamation, and lasted some minutes. She then performed all the Hoydens, and gave such perfect satisfaction that no



actress in the memory of the audiences of that day could be compared with her for excellence. \* \*

"Our heroine now stood high in the theatre and with the town. Her benefits were fully attended, and she received often, on those nights, large presents from the wealthy and persons of distinction; her family shared with her in all their wishes, and she was always giving to the distressed applicants, of which there was no small number connected with the theatres: in fine, she knew not how to save, but was always thinking who she should most assist, or who had served her in the slightest way that she had forgot to reward. One day she asked me why I did not join her brother on Sundays at little country excursions. I pleaded business—books to post for my father. 'You don't post books on Sunday. I fear you are not kept in pocket-money. Now, tell me what do they allow you?'"

"I have no allowance of money to throw away; but I don't want. I am found in every necessary article, and have so much employment I have no time nor inclination to spend money. \* \*

"She said no more at that time; but in a day or two she took occasion to show me a very pretty medal she had just been presented with. I took it in my hand, and observed, it would make a very good medal to wear: it was a crown-piece, as sharp as if just struck from the die, and yet it was not a new coinage, I observed, and wondered how it had been kept so fresh.

"Some miser," she replied; "I have relieved it from captivity, and you shall wear it out, for my sake. Put it in your pocket."

"I begged to be excused; it was all in vain. She was peremptory, and I had to pocket the crown. \* \*

"She found means frequently to repeat this gift, particularly when she thought I wanted to assist my practice in drawing, which I had taken up; and it was my only relief after my hours of business. I should not say only, for I had no pleasure so great as to see her perform, and she never let me want orders for myself and friends. She continued her career of good fortune until duly became an encourager of stars from London, thus sacrificing his good company to the shelf, and amongst the rest Miss D. Francis was neglected. The greatest favourite, if unseen, is soon forgotten, and she was obliged to try for an engagement in England. She was fortunate to get one at York. \* \* Poor girl, I went to see her on her departure; and having learned that she was rather pinched in means, I carried a bag of crowns which I had laid by of her giving, amounting to about 5*l.*; and after prefacing my wish, I placed it before her for her acceptance, and told her I had not wanted or should have used them; that now she saw I had proved my words—that they were her own, &c. I shall never forget her look at my speech: she tried to smile, but I saw a tear forcing its way; she turned from me and went to a closet, returned, and assumed a grave and solemn manner, and said that she had a few words to say to me, but until I put my money in my pocket she would not speak to me, and if I refused she never would speak more. I saw I had nearly lost her, and I would not have given her offence on any account.

"No," said she; "then I will not, nor would I, if more distressed, touch a penny of what I had hoped you had taken in good part—a small token of gratitude for all the kind and good-natured acts you have done for me and my dear family. \* \*

"Miss D. Francis appeared in York under the name of Mrs. Jordan, christened by Tate Wilkinson, and her success there procured her a London engagement. Her biographers have, I conclude, given her memoirs from that period."

There are also anecdotes of Moore in childhood and youth—of Stuart the American painter—of Grattan, and others less known:—of the story of Lord Clare and the examination at Trinity College, we have heard a different version. Some of the stories are very graphically told. Here is a testy man to the life: the narrator was to dine with Mr. Tighe, a gentleman of fortune, holding a high official situation in Dublin:—

"I found him (he observes) lecturing a young gentleman that had just delivered an introductory

letter to him from Lord Roden. This young man had been in the navy, and could hardly be kept free from motion. He was of a restless spirit, which called for all Mr. Tighe's rules to keep him in order. The first was to return from the drawing-room to leave his hat in the hall; then, when he returned, he fumbled with the lock or handle of the door. 'Push or pull, don't fumble:' then, 'Pray, sir, don't sit near the door, come forward.' Then the lad began the devil's tattoo. 'Pray, don't, sir—sit quiet.' He soon began to hum a tune. 'I beg you won't hum: sing if you are called on, and then open your mouth and your teeth.'

"I then began to speak about Mr. Tighe's quick recovery. He said, 'Yes, Richards is clever. I owe you much, sir, for your care and kind inquiries.' The lad, during this converse of ours, had been walking up and down the room. 'Pray don't walk the deck, sir, except on board ship.' He sat down, but soon began to whistle in an under key. 'Above all things, sir, don't whistle.'

"The servant by this time announced dinner. There we found the usual guests the same as we had on the first day I had dined with him. \* \*

"When dinner was over, and the lady had retired, the young man took up the poker and began stirring the fire. 'Rake or raise,' said Mr. Tighe, 'don't poke.' \* \*

"In the midst of this conversation a little cockney footman, that Mr. Tighe had brought from London, came into the room uncalled; this was a great and unpardonable crime. He was asked what he wanted. He held a paper in his hand, and with great humility, and at every word a stop, said, 'Your tailor, Sir, has called to beg for a frank for his son, who is in London preparing to go to the West Indies. He would not have dared to come at this hour, but that he fears his son will be gone if he don't write by this night's post.'

"Mr. Tighe interrupted the cockney in a suffocating rage, saying, 'When I hired you, it was conditionally that you attended to my rules: one was, never to come into my room uncalled; another, never to ask me for a frank but at office hours and at Foster-place; another, never to admit any one after dinner was served, for none ever came at such time but a thief or a dun. Well, you break into my room, disturb my friends, interrupt me in my discourse, present me with a frank, and for a tailor! Now, give me that paper, and pen and ink.' He took the frank, wrote over it a scrawl crooked and unintelligible, then handed to him, saying, 'There is a frank; you are free to go, and take the tailor with you, to the West Indies, if you like.'"

We have given a good specimen of the work: if successful, it will be followed by other volumes. With regard to the plan for relieving the Irish peasantry, it is simply to allow them to locate upon the waste lands, giving them long leases, and, for the first ten years, rent free.

*Literary Statistics of Austria*.—[*Essai Statistique*. Par Adrien Balbi.] Vienna, Volke; London, Richter.

"France and England are the sails, Austria the ballast," said a French statesman, whose words have passed into a proverb. Since the accession of the house of Hapsburg, Austria has been the invariable opponent of every movement; it has, consequently, performed an ungracious, though not, perhaps, an unnecessary task, and has, therefore, been judged with more severity than any other European state. But Austria carries its dislike to discussion so far, that it detests praise, for those who praise to-day may blame to-morrow: praise opens the door for debate, and Austria dreads nothing so much as discussion. Yet we are told, that its educational establishments are excellent, though not a word is ever said about them. Who has heard of Austrian railways? And yet we are informed that they rank next to those of England. The love of praise is subdued by the dread of publicity and examination.

The provision made for national education

proves that Austria is not opposed to the diffusion of knowledge; on the contrary, its system of education is compulsory, the presentation of school certificates is a necessary preliminary even to marriage. The instruction which tends to form good labourers, workmen, merchants, manufacturers, chemists, engineers, and physicians—in short, instruction in all the useful arts of life, is cherished and propagated in Austria. But, on the other hand, the superior mental cultivation that forms men of letters, jurists, and philosophers—that teaches to reason, criticize, and discuss, is closely watched, and carefully restricted.

Vienna, we begin to suspect, has had a greater measure of injustice than the rest of the Empire—its inhabitants have been described as mere sensualists, abandoned to luxury and dissipation, ignorant, and regardless of literature; and yet this capital, whose population scarcely exceeds 300,000, possesses 45 libraries, public and private—the latter being accessible to students furnished with proper introductions; 15 museums of mineralogy, 20 of zoology and anatomy, 23 of antiquities and miscellaneous science, 20 of coins and medals, and the largest technological collection in the world, formed by the present Emperor when King of Hungary.

M. Balbi candidly confesses that the statistics of great libraries are difficult to be ascertained, and that, when procured, they furnish a very uncertain test of relative value, and a still more doubtful criterion of the state of knowledge in a country. But he urges, with some force, that libraries are an element which should not be neglected by statisticians; and he declares, that the value of this element will be rendered more apparent by the Statistical Survey of the Earth, which he is preparing for publication. Without entering on any examination of these views, we shall proceed at once to describe the literary treasures of the Imperial Library, adopting the classification used by its present administrators.

1. *Cimelia*, or remarkable rarities, 24 in number. Among these we find the following deserving notice:—

A tablet of bronze, containing the decree of the Roman Senate for the suppression of the Bacchanals, enacted *b.c.* 186.

*Tabula Peutingeriana*, a travelling map of the Roman Empire in the fourth century, on parchment. Several palimpsests, procured from the monastery of Bobbio.

The great roll of Mexican picture-writings, published by Lord Kingsborough.

2. *Manuscripts*.—Of these there are 16,016, of which 2,789 are on parchment, and 2,634 on paper, before the invention of printing. Among them we may notice—

*Dioscorides*, written in the fifth century, by order of the princess Julia Anicia, only daughter of the Emperor Olybrius. The letters are Uncial Greek, and there are paintings of the principal medicinal plants mentioned in the text. This precious manuscript, and about 300 other Greek MSS., were obtained at Constantinople by the Austrian Ambassador, *a.d.* 1550.

Fragments of Genesis in Uncial Greek—the letters are silver, embossed on purple parchment, richly ornamented with miniature paintings.

A fragment on Papyrus, containing the decrees of the third Council of Constantinople, *a.d.* 680.

*Codex clathratus*, fragments of the most ancient German translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew, written in the early part of the eighth century. These fragments were found in some old bindings of books.

A German Bible, in 6 folio volumes, richly illuminated, written in the fourteenth century for the Emperor Wenceslas.

A French Manuscript, of the fourteenth century, written in large letters, with the ancient orthography, profusely illuminated, containing the History of Tristan, the illustrious knight of the Round Table.

3. *Incunabula*, or works printed in the fifteenth century. The number exceeds 12,000, and among them we find four out of the five incunabula on vellum, printed by Pannartz, at Rome.

4. Of *Printed Works* the number is said to be about 230,000 volumes; but, as several small works are frequently bound together, M. Balbi is of opinion that the number of printed books exceeds 270,000.

5. *Engravings*.—This is, perhaps, the richest collection in the world; it consists of 473 large folios, 510 volumes of different sizes, and 245 folio cartoons.

6. *Music*.—This collection contains 6,000 volumes of works, theoretical and practical. In the first class there are several incunabula; among the second class we may notice, as curiosities, several compositions of the Emperor Ferdinand III., Leopold I., and Charles VI.

7. *Autographs*.—This is a recent addition to the library, but it contains already 8,000 pieces classed under the following heads: monarchs and princes; ministers and statesmen; poets, philosophers, &c.; generals and renowned warriors; artists.

Since the year 1820, the sum allowed for the purchase of new works is equivalent to about 2,000*l.* annually.

The University Library ranks next to the Imperial: the quantity of books is not stated; but it received the collections belonging to the convents suppressed by Joseph II.; and since 1806 it has had a right to a copy of every work printed in Lower Austria.

Among what are called the private libraries, the most important is the Library of Military Archives, established by the late Emperor in 1801, on a plan devised by the Archduke Charles. It contains 6,626 works on the various branches of the military art, and the sciences with which it is connected; 20 large volumes of bulletins, journals, gazettes, &c., with an excellent index; 73 atlases; and about 3,000 charts, maps, plans, &c.; and a small collection of manuscript military memoirs, among which are those of the celebrated Montecucoli and Prince Eugene.

The Libraries of Oriental Literature, of Natural History, of the Philharmonic Society, and of the Imperial Archives, are of great value; and in the last are preserved the diplomatic archives of Venice, and Marina Sanudo's original history of that republic, in 56 folio volumes, which was unknown when Daru published his great work.

Among the libraries belonging to individuals, those of Prince Metternich, the Ritter Von Hammer, and Mr. Castelli, are the most remarkable. Von Hammer, as is generally known, possesses an unrivalled collection of Turkish Manuscripts. Castelli's is a dramatic collection; it contains more than 10,000 German dramas, original and translated; about 500 manuscripts; 700 portraits of actors, actresses, and dramatists; and a unique collection of play bills from the year 1600.

In the year 1819, the present Emperor (then hereditary prince) perceiving the rapid progress that agriculture and manufactures were making in Austria, projected the Technological Museum, which is now one of the most interesting objects in Vienna. This collection, of all the products of industry, arranged according to the provinces, their successive stages of manufacture, and their several improvements during the last sixteen years, is justly regarded as one of the most useful institutions of modern times. It is divided into three great classes—natural productions, manufactured articles, and models.

M. Balbi, in his appendix, gives us some very extraordinary particulars of the *Archivio Gene-*

rale of Venice, to which great attention is paid by the Austrian Government. This unparalleled collection contains 8,664,709 volumes, or stitched quires, divided into 1,890 departments, arranged in 298 galleries, halls, &c., and covering shelves which, placed in one line, would reach more than seventeen miles. The following calculations will enable our readers to form some notion of the enormous extent of these documents. A thousand writers working eight hours a day, could not copy the collection in 700 years. Taking a very low average, each volume contains 80 leaves, about 18 inches long, and 10 wide. Without fatiguing the reader by going through the calculation, we may state as the result, that these leaves would, placed one next the other without any interval, girdle the equatorial diameter of the earth more than eleven times; their weight exceeds 6,200 tons. Each leaf being about 15 inches square, they would, if spread together, cover thirty square miles.

*List of New Books*.—Mundy's Life of Rodney, royal 18mo. 6*s.*—Tales of Truth, by Mary Elliott, royal 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Tradesman's True Friend, 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Wyld's Railroad Map, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Cyrus Redding's Modern Wines, 2nd edit. with Preface and Additions, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*s.*—Dr. Brigham's Influence of Mental Cultivation on Health, with Notes, by Robert Macnish, 18mo. 2*s.*—Miscellanies, Political and Literary, by John Finlay, L.L.D. royal 18mo. 5*s.*—The Relief Preacher, (Sermons,) by Ministers of the Relief Synod, 8vo. 12*s.*; ditto, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Bruce's Geography and Astronomy, 9th edit. with Additions and Improvements, 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Sidney's Mature Reflections, &c. of the Rev. Rowland Hill, 12mo. 4*s.*—Gems from American Poets, 32mo. 2*s.* cl.; 2*s.* 6*d.* silk.—Heath's Drawing Room Portfolio, 21*s.*—Marshall on Sanctification, 12mo. 4*s.*—On the Means of Comparing the respective Advantages of different Lines of Railways, and on the use of Locomotive Engines, by John McNeil, 8vo. 5*s.* swd.—Readings from Dean Swift, his Tale of a Tub, illustrated by Cruikshank, 12mo. 2*s.* swd.—Rev. Hugh White's Twenty Sermons, 5th edit. 2 vols. 1*s.* 10*s.* 6*d.*—Ford's Vespasian, and other Poems, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Doyle's Address to Landlords of Ireland, 12mo. 2*s.* cl.; 2*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Conversations at Cambridge, 8vo. 6*s.*—Schleiermacher's Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*—Nuttall's Juvenal, English, post 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, Latin, post 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.*; ditto, Latin and English, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Life of the Rev. Josiah Thompson, by N. Oliver, Esq. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Reflections on Revealed and Profane Theology, addressed to Lord Brougham, post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Narrative of a Captivity in France, from 1809 to 1814, by Richard Langton, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—The Governor, or Politics in Private Life, post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Watson's Works, Vol. IX. (Theological Institutes,) 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Narrative of O. M. Spencer, 18mo. 2*s.*—Antipathy, by John Leslie, Author of 'Arungzebe,' 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31*s.* 6*d.*—Gregory's Conspectus, Latin, 10th edit. 12mo. 8*s.*—Kidd's New Guide to the 'Lions' of London and Paris, with Illustrations, 5*s.* morocco, gilt edges.—Kidd's Picture of London, for 1836, including its Environs, with 50 engravings, 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Oracle of Taste and Fashion, 1*s.*—Pandora's Box, or Ladies' Note-Book, 1*s.*—The Modern Brummell, 1*s.*

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### MAN AND NATURE.

A sad man on a summer day  
Did look upon the earth and say:  
"Purple cloud, the hill-top folding—  
Kingly hills the valleys holding—  
Valleys, with the streams among you—  
Streams, with trees that grow along you—  
Trees, with many birds and blossoms—  
Birds, with music-trembling bosoms—  
Blossoms, casting dews that wreath you  
To your fellow flowers beneath you—  
Flowers, that bring down stars on earth—  
Earth, that shaketh to the mirth  
Of the merry Titan ocean,  
All his shining hair in motion!—  
Why am I thus the only one  
Who can be dark beneath the sun?"

What time the summer day was past,  
He looked to heaven, and smiled at last;  
And answered so:

"Because, O cloud,  
Pressing with thy crumpled shroud  
Heavily on mountain top—  
Hills that almost seem to drop,  
Stricken with a misty death,  
To the valleys underneath!—  
Valleys, sighing with the torrent—  
Waters, streaked with branches horrent—

Branchless trees, that shake your head  
Wildly, o'er your blossoms spread,  
Where the common flowers were found!—  
Flowers, with foreheads to the ground—  
Ground, that shrieketh while the sea  
With his iron smitheth thee—  
I am, besides, the only one,  
Who can be bright *without* the sun."

E. B. B.

#### ALCAICS.

THE other day, at the high bidding of a political oracle, I took up the last number of the *Edinburgh*, to read, as he assured me, an excellent article 'On the progress and present state of Agriculture,' which I accomplished—history, calculations, tables, inferences, and the rest, to my great satisfaction and edification. This done, beshrew my heart, it followed my eye to an opposite page—caught by the sight of metre, and the love of song. It was an article on 'Alford's Poems.' The critic assumed his authority over the "young poet," and, among other things, I there read as follows:—"Sapphics and Alcaics may remain in the ground, dead and withered branches, while iambs and hendecasyllables shall take root." And again—"In case Mr. Tennyson should succeed in naturalizing among us a *really good new metre*, he would be well entitled to the reward which mankind have so long and vainly promised to the inventor of a new pleasure."—Jan. 1836, p. 302.

Alcaics, I bethought me, are a *really good old metre*;—Horace thought so, for his partiality has given them, also, the name of *Horatian*. I considered that their music is not well known in the public schools of England, they having slighted the doctrine of Sir John Cheke, Adolphus a Meekkercke, and others; which doctrine is, that, if we have unhappily lost the ancient *accent*, we ought, therefore, the less to fling away the *quantity*. The music of Anacreon alone has defied this prodigality of barbarism. This is a triumphant exception, for the Gods had an ear for nothing more musical than a trumpet. It might be doing some service to *ding* the sound of the Alcaic music into the English ear; but then the *prize* which the critic promised! Nothing venture, nothing have—and who would not try for it? What might be something serious in a "young poet," may be only amusing in an old man.

There are two difficulties in the way of naturalizing among us the Alcaic metre; both which, since it is only applicable to short poems, may perhaps be overcome. The first is, the genius of our language, which is deficient in spondee. The other is, the obligation of rhyming, which, in this metre, would compel a double ending in every line, because every line ends either with a dactyl or a trochee; but, in a short composition, spondee may, perhaps, be pressed into the service, by the aid of monosyllables, compounds, and a little management. If this could be accomplished, their gravity might counterbalance the jingle of the double ending. Upon experiment, I have found, that a new difficulty results even from these expedients, viz. monotony of pause, which I have failed to remedy; however, another may succeed better, and my experiment follows. I desire to submit it to a jury of musical ears, and I *desiderate* a verdict.

##### The Minstrels of the Air.

Ye winged sweetrace, flying so merrily,  
Ye artists taught, singing so cheerily,  
Oh! could I once thus fly so lightly,  
Soon might ye hear I would sing as sprightly.  
Ye air balloon-race, soaring so buoyantly,  
On shoreless blue main sailing so joyantly,  
You when ye dare cloud, storm, and thunder,  
Far below leave us, to creep and wonder.  
Say where's their pole-star? Lo! 'tis the spring of day;  
Their compass, soft airs; fleetly they wing away,  
Down Summer's beam, then, drop descending,  
Each to his habitat gladly wending.  
Come list the sky-lark. There is the melody,  
Must banish Grief's sad, bootless Ah! well-a-day.  
He springs, and earth-born, sings ascending  
Upward and upward yet, heav'nward tending.  
He mounts, again mounts, borne along breezily,  
There, heights above heights tempt him up dizzily,  
His trill a-trill song ever sweeter:  
Lover of Light, he would die to greet her.  
And then the Night-bird, endless variety!  
Soft swells and sweet shakes, mocking satiety.  
Attention steals, on tiptoe, nearer,  
Silence and Solitude wake to hear her.



That Western bell-bird,\* snowy white forester,  
Tells matins loud to each feathered chorister;  
Eve comes, he warms each truant strolling;  
Solemnly, solemnly, vesper tolling.

Me she delights, who, building and twittering,  
Picks wing still untired, evermore dittering;  
Spring's Cuckoo charms—me summer's cooer;  
Sing to me, coo to me—me your wooer.

Oh! riot life! how festive, melodious,  
When all is spring-chor, all is harmonious,  
Both here and there, all glee and singing,  
Holiday merriment loudly ringing.

Earth's angels, sweet birds, soar and sing merrily;  
That lesson teach me—bearing up cheerily,  
To sum my soul's wing, sing at sorrow,  
Then away, far away, bid good morrow.

## SIR WILLIAM GELL.

WE have so often, of late, been obliged to contradict reports copied into this Journal from the Continental papers, announcing the death of eminent individuals, that we did not feel assured of the death of Sir William Gell, until the accounts were corroborated by private letters. We regret now to know that the report was but too true, and that he died at Naples on the 4th of February, after a painful illness borne with an equanimity rarely equalled.

Sir William Gell was, in every sense of the word, a scholar and a gentleman. So early as 1804 he published 'The Topography of Troy'; subsequently the 'Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca,' the 'Itinerary of Greece,' 'Travels in the Morea,' and the 'Topography of Rome': but it was the 'Pompeiana,' a work equally beautiful and interesting, which made his name extensively known beyond the bounds of scholarship.

Those who had opportunities of appreciating the character of this amiable man, knew not which most to admire,—the depth and versatility of his erudition, the benevolent kindness of his heart, or the suavity of his manners. Suffering from the complicated tortures of gout and rheumatism, which for many years deprived him of the use of his limbs, his patient endurance of pain, and constant cheerfulness under it, endeared him to all who knew him. Science and literature had not a more devoted adherent, or more ardent admirer. Deeply skilled in antiquarian learning, the fruit of his indefatigable researches was ever at the service of others, and given with a freedom from that pretence and charlatanism which too often characterize the venerable disciples of that craft. Sir William resided altogether in Italy since 1820. He had a small house, surrounded by a pleasant garden, at Rome, and a picturesque residence at Naples, which reminded the visitor of some of his own drawings of Pompeii. Both were the daily resort of the scientific and literary visitants to "the Eternal City," or the gay "Parthenope"; and in his reception room in each, he was seen, surrounded by books, drawings, and maps, with a guitar, from which he frequently drew forth pleasant discourse, and two or three dogs, so well bred, as to be a source of amusement, instead of annoyance, to his visitors. Sir William Gell's residence at Naples was for many years rendered peculiarly agreeable, by its vicinity to that of his estimable and erudite friend, the late Sir William Drummond, with whom he lived on terms of affectionate intimacy; and whose death, which took place at Rome in 1827, he deeply lamented. The Hon. Richard Keppell Craven, whose refined taste and amiable disposition all acknowledge and esteem, had been for many years the friend,—nay, almost the brother, of Sir William Gell. He attended him with unwearied kindness; cheering him when in sickness, and sharing his own brilliant prosperity with his less fortunate friend, until he performed the last duty of following his remains to

\* \* \* In the midst of the extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged Mora, almost out of gun reach, you will see the Campanero. No sound or song, from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly pronounced "Whip-poor-Will" of the great-sucker, causes such astonishment as the toll of the campanero. With many of the feathered race he pays the common tribute of a morning and evening song; and, even when the meridian sun has stopped the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature, the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute; then another toll, and then a pause again; and then a toll, and again a pause; then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. Aetoon would stop in mid-chase—Maria would defer her evening song—Orpheus himself would drop his lute, to listen to him—so sweet, so novel, and so romantic, is the toll of the pretty snowy-white campanero.—"Waterson's Wanderings."

the grave. Never was there a friendship more honourable to the living and the dead. Sir William Gell's infirmities increased so much, that in 1834 he was compelled to give up his residence at Rome, and remain stationary at Naples,—a subject of general regret at the former city, where he was most deservedly beloved, and his society universally courted. His death has formed a chasm in the intellectual circle of Naples, which cannot easily be filled up; and many a traveller will lament the instructive and interesting conversation always to be found at his house, where all worth knowing were sure to be met during the morning.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE times are surely "out of joint;" here we are fast approaching April, and, so far as publishing is concerned, it might be November: for ourselves, and our personal convenience, this change in the season is anything but unpleasant. We have always been perplexed, at this time of year, to find time and room for the variety of claims on our attention and our columns; still the fact is worth observing, that not more than a dozen volumes have issued from the press since the 1st of January, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been entitled to special notice. We sometimes speculate on coming Saturdays, and wonder how our contemporaries, who rely principally, if not wholly, on the London publishers for their food and entertainment, are to vary this perplexing dullness. Raumer, the 'Archives Curieuses,' and one or two works from Germany, came, fortunately, to our aid; still we admit that we were unprepared for this utter stagnation. Literature itself, however, would seem to be extending its beneficial influences. We have before us, at least half-a-dozen addresses, delivered at the opening of various Institutions; several Annual Reports, all concurring in proofs of prosperity; and, even from Wicklow, information has been obligingly forwarded to us of the establishment there of a Society for "Promoting General Knowledge," which has been commenced with spirit, and promises to be extremely useful.

Yesterday the exhibition of the new Picture, which, with the much-admired interior of Santa Croce, is to form the attraction of the Diorama during the coming season, was opened for private view. It represents the village of Alagna—first in the peaceful tranquillity of night and moonshine, afterwards discovered at day-dawn, buried under an avalanche. To speak more correctly, we should say it is to represent, for some of the machinery intended to produce these changes not being yet in working order, we were only shown this extraordinary work under one aspect, that of early morning. From what we did see, however, we may promise that it will surpass all its predecessors. The effect of the snow-clad rocks in the foreground, with a broken road losing itself in the defile, and of the mountains rising distinct through the pearly haze which hangs around them, is nothing short of marvellous.

The state of our columns will show how Music flourishes among us; truly it is like the bean-stalk in the nursery tale, and it requires unflagging energy to keep pace with its progress. We might have hourly occupation for the next three months, were we so minded; almost every day is engaged by one institution, or another professor, for his annual display. The commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, and presentation of the Gresham prize, are fixed for Friday, May the 6th, to be held in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House. Besides the usual musical performances, an essay on the founder of Gresham College will be delivered. We shall be glad to have to announce that this venerable foundation has engaged a no less venerable building, we mean Crosby Hall, as its mansion and theatre. The provincial Festivals, too, at Norwich, at Manchester, and at Liverpool, are already talked of. We trust that some of the Committees will be on the alert to secure Mendelssohn's new oratorio; they cannot begin rehearsing the choruses too soon.

## SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists will be open to the Public on MONDAY next, the 21st instant, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East, Admission, 1s.

T. C. HOFLAND, Secretary.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of BRITISH ARTISTS is Open daily from 10 in the Morning till 5 in the Evening.—Admission 1s.; Catalogue 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## LAWRENCE GALLERY.

SIXTH EXHIBITION, consisting of the Works of Ludovico, Augustino, and Annibal Carracci, is NOW OPEN. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

The SEVENTH, comprising the Works of Fra Bartolomeo, A. del Sarto, Poledoro, and Zuccherro, will be opened immediately after the closing of the present Exhibition, which will take place at the end of the month.

S. & A. WOODBURN,  
112, St. Martin's-lane.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 17.—Sir John Rennie, V.P. in the chair. The Marquis of Bredalbane, and John George Crosse, Esq. were admitted, and Capt. S. Seymour, Bart., of the Bengal Engineers, elected, Fellows of the Royal Society.

The following papers were read:

1. 'On the reciprocal attractions of positive and negative Electric Currents, whereby the motion of each is alternately accelerated and retarded,' by P. Cunningham, Esq. Surgeon R.N.; communicated by Alexander Copeland Hutchison, Esq.
2. 'Meteorological Journal kept at Allenheads, near Hexham,' by William Walton, Esq.; communicated in a letter to P. M. Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S.
3. 'On the Temperatures and Geological Relations of certain Hot Springs, particularly those of the Pyrenees, and on the verification of Thermometers,' by James David Forbes, Esq. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 14.—Thomas Murdoch, Esq. in the chair. —Another communication was read regarding the proposed Arctic Expeditions, viz. from Sir John Ross;—the object of which was partly to combat Sir John Barrow's views regarding the expediency of quitting the protection of the land, and pushing into the main ice,—partly to recommend that, at all events, any vessels employed on this service should not draw above seven or eight feet water, the average thickness of the field ice being nine feet. After which Lieut. Wellsted's paper, 'On the West Coast of Arabia, from Ras Mohammed to Jidda,' begun at the last meeting, was concluded.

This paper is a very valuable one for publication; but it is difficult, or rather impossible, to analyze it satisfactorily. It contains a minute topographical description of the several bays, ports, headlands, islands, &c. within its assigned limits, with a few brief notices interspersed of the native tribes with whom an occasional intercourse was maintained, while engaged in making the survey. We shall not, therefore, attempt to give a view of its whole contents; but shall rather string together some of the general notions conveyed by them.

A range of barren, naked mountains (a part of the great chain which nearly encircles Arabia,) extends from Jidda to Akabah, varying in different places its distance from the coast, and rising in elevation towards the interior. Mr. Wellsted had no opportunity of penetrating far inland; but the more distant mountains he concludes, from their shape, to be granitic; next to which is an extensive limestone formation, containing many fossil remains; while the cliffs nearest the sea shore are almost uniformly of light-coloured sand-stone, fronted by, and containing, large quantities of shells and masses of coral. It is well-known, indeed, that there is an extraordinary prevalence of the latter in the Red Sea; but they seem also to enter largely into the composition of some of even the most elevated hills.

Between the bases of these hills and the sea, a stripe or border of low land generally prevails, called by the Arabs *Tehámah*. It is, for the most part, barren, though some few spots are cultivated. North of Yembo it sometimes rises 50 to 100 feet above the level of the sea; but south of that port it is nearly flat, with occasional lagoons of brackish water, generally terminating a ravine leading into the interior, down which, accordingly, it is probable that occasional floods may descend. It is almost a uniform remark, that where these lagoons exist, the coral formation is interrupted, as though the fresh water had either swept it away, or prevented its growth.

The reefs which front the coast in this part of the Red Sea, either extend in ridges, with deep water

or no soundings near them, or they form extensive banks with from ten to fifteen fathoms over them. Their direction is generally straight, and parallel to the coast, with occasionally, however, slight projections on either side. They rarely exceed two to three miles in continuous length, and are sometimes much shorter. It is a remarkable circumstance that, however high the wind, the surf never breaks on them; for which Mr. Wellsted accounts, by supposing their outer edges to be very porous. This much increases their danger to navigators. Between them the passages are all navigable with more or less facility; but the currents are everywhere strong, and must be liberally allowed for. In the warm season, owing to the prevalence of northerly winds, the level of the sea is two feet below what it is at other times; and this change must also be adverted to when among the reefs.

It has sometimes been debated whether, if a small steam-boat were employed, the mails might not be conveyed up and down the Red Sea inside of these reefs, more easily than without them; especially as their influence in destroying any wind, however strong, blowing against them, is very remarkable; inasmuch that frequently calms, or alternate land and sea breezes, are found in-shore, when hard southerly or north-westerly gales prevail outside. And to this plan Mr. Wellsted is in the main favourable; though he does not think that any time would be gained by it. The passages between and inside the reefs are numerous; and it would be necessary to anchor every night. But both coal and other wear and tear would be thus saved; and the route is unquestionably practicable.

The coast of Arabia is usually pronounced unhealthy; but the *Palinurus*, Lieut. Wellsted's vessel, was not sickly while engaged in its survey; and the mortality is never considerable in the Hadji boats. Ships cruising outside the reefs usually suffer most; and the healthiness of a crew is almost always found to depend much on the frequency of its supply with good fresh water. Dysenteries, fevers, and ulcers on the legs, are the prevailing complaints; and in 1831 the mortality produced by cholera was frightful. The governors of Mecca and of Jidda, the Pasha who accompanied the Syrian caravan, and many other people of distinction, were then swept away; and of the minor victims, the number became so considerable, that the living ceased to inter the dead singly, but dug large pits, into which the bodies were thrown by hundreds. The roads towards Mecca, in particular, were, for some weeks, strewn with dead and dying.

The tribes of Arabs along this west coast of Arabia differ considerably in personal appearance from those on the shores of the Persian Gulf. They are of a vigorous make, but lean, and diminutive in stature; their faces are long, their cheeks hollow, and their hair, with the exception of two tresses on which they bestow much care, flows loose to the waist. Their colour is light; they are generally affected with cutaneous disorders; and their whole appearance is unprepossessing. They have all the usual virtues, notwithstanding, of their race; are hospitable, abstemious, hardy, brave, and much more liberal to unbelievers than most Mahometans. Their habitations are small huts or tents; the former constructed of coarse grass and cadjans, the latter of coarse cloths thrown over some sticks. In order to procure shelter from the strong prevailing north winds, which recover their violence as they rise above the sea coast, both sorts of habitation are usually pitched behind a hillock, or among trees, having the convenience of pasturage in the vicinity.

The staple food of the Bedouins consists of dates, salt fish, coffee, coarse dourra cakes, milk, and honey. They seldom regale on the flesh of their flocks, but when they do, it is to excess. Their weapons consist of a spear eight feet long, and pointed at both ends; a crooked sword or dagger, with a broad blade; a match-lock gun, of which the barrel is of extraordinary length; and sometimes a long sharp double-edged sword. Few, excepting the Sheiks, appear to have pistols. Assisted by the strength of their country, they offered a long resistance to Mahomet Ali; but they now seem attached to him, and punctually respect the caravans under his instructions, receiving, in return, a fixed tribute from each, as regulated by him.

In 1831, no fewer than 20,000 pilgrims arrived in Arabia from the Egyptian ports alone; and many more came from Abyssinia, Nubia, and other parts of interior Africa. The latter embark chiefly at Massowah and Suakin; the former at Suez and Cosseir. The regulations in the Egyptian boats are judicious, and rigorously enforced. About 150 are constantly employed, and make several voyages in the year. They always use the inner passage (inside the reefs), and constantly anchor at night. Their passage is thus tedious, and they sometimes suffer much from want of water. The passage money paid by the pilgrims averages about six dollars each from Suez, and four from Cosseir; but it varies according to the amount of baggage taken; and many of these pilgrimages are little else than trading voyages.

#### STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 15.—Henry Hallam, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair.—This being the Anniversary Meeting, a report was made by the Council as to the present state and prospects of the Society. The Society, it appears, at present consists of 392 Members, of whom 31 have compounded for future payments, leaving 361 annual subscribers. At the corresponding period last year, the sum invested in stock was 5677.—it now amounts to 10677, including 3007. being part of the subscription received on account of the current year. The Council congratulated the members that, in addition to the Societies established in some of the principal towns noticed in the last report, several others have since been founded, and principally in agricultural districts, respecting which the want of correct statistical information has been so much felt. It was also observed, that the early progress of a Society, which has for its object, not the establishment of any particular theory, or the development of any particular science, but an inquiry into the various and innumerable relations existing among men and nations, must necessarily be slow.—that the usefulness of such a Society cannot be estimated by the apparent amount of its labours, or the number of its publications—that its fruits will become visible in an awakened spirit of research: and it was further stated, that a Committee had been appointed to consider what papers belonging to the Society should be published in the first part of the Society's Transactions; and finally adverted to the papers read at the ordinary meetings of the Society, the contributions of the Fellows, and many of considerable interest and value.

In all this we very willingly concur; but we must be allowed to observe, that, though the usefulness of the Society cannot be estimated by the number of its publications, or even the results of its labours—and the contemplated publication of a volume of Transactions appears to us premature,—its future usefulness might be very fairly estimated by the amount and direction of its present labour and endeavour; and that it would have been satisfactory, had some information been given as to the proceedings of the various Committees into which the Society is, somewhat ostentatiously, subdivided. We admit, that consideration is requisite, to determine the branches of inquiry which might be prosecuted with most advantage; but the Society and the Committees have had two years for deliberation, and surely some decisions might have been come to in that time: to us, the Statistical Account of Scotland, now publishing, obviously suggests one direction and channel of inquiry. We may further observe, that there are numberless important facts which might be collected by individuals, if the nature only of the information sought for were indicated by the Society: the weight and influence of its name would awaken attention to the subjects, and give uniformity to the reports. Sir John Herschel alone accomplished this for meteorology; and, in proof, though we confine ourselves to the publication of the observations made at the Royal Society, as an authorized and authenticated standard, with which others may compare, yet we have been offered half-a-dozen like reports from different parts of Europe.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Sir Charles Lemon, Bart. M.P., President; Henry Hallam, Esq., Treasurer; Woronzow Greig, Esq., C. H. Maclean, Esq., and R. W. Rawson, Esq., Secretaries; and the following gentlemen to be of the Council:—Charles Babbage, Esq., W.

J. Blake, Esq., William Burge, Esq., John Elliott Drinkwater, Esq., Earl Fitzwilliam, Joseph Henry Green, Esq., Bissett Hawkins, Esq. M.D., A. Hayward, Esq., Professor the Rev. R. Jones, Earl of Kerry, M.P., Sir Francis C. Knowles, Bart., Marquis of Lansdowne, N. Lister, Esq. M.D., S. Jones Loyd, Esq., Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, Mark Phillips, Esq. M.P., G. R. Porter, Esq., John Tidd Pratt, Esq., C. W. Fuller, Esq., Viscount Sandon, M.P., N. W. Senior, Esq., Edward Strutt, Esq. M.P., Lieut.-Col. Sykes, Thomas Tooke, Esq., T. Vardon, Esq., Rev. W. Whewell.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Mar. 5.—A General Meeting was held this day, the Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M.P., President, in the chair. A donation from Capt. Davy, of the Bengal Army, of several Japanese, Persian, and English MSS. was laid upon the table; also the liberal bequest of the late Major David Price, comprising eighty-three volumes of valuable Oriental MSS., chiefly Persian. The President announced that the late Lieut.-Col. James Tod had bequeathed to the Society all his books, MSS., and coins on Oriental subjects, of which the Society may not possess duplicates. Thomas Miln and John Matheson, Esqs., were elected Resident Members.

A selection from the manuscripts presented to the Society by Capt. James Low, comprising notices of the trade and manufactures, and the laws and religion of the people on the Tenasserim Coast, was read to the meeting. According to these papers it appears, that the trade of the Tenasserim Coast is almost exclusively maritime. The principal manufacture is that of cloth, woven chiefly by women, who are taught to spin from infancy. There is scarcely a house in these provinces which has not a loom in it. Of late years, piece goods, in imitation of the Burman fabrics, have been sent out from England, and, being cheap, the natives buy them; but they complain that the colours are not durable, and that the cloth does not last so long as their own. The average of a late general estimate of the value of the imports and Exports of Tenasserim, gave—Imports 650,000 rupees, Exports 175,000; leaving 475,000 rupees as the balance of imports over exports—a drain which the natural resources of the country alone could not support. Much of the ability of the natives to meet the former with bullion depended, therefore, on the accidental stimulus of a civil and military expenditure. The internal trade is principally carried on by barter. Under the Burman government, bullion was not allowed to be exported.

Captain Low considers, that the Burman code of laws has been derived from some version of the ancient code of *Mennu*; but that, as the latter was framed for a race of men differing in many essential points from the Burmans, it must have undergone considerable modification when adapted to them. He states, that the utmost venality and perversion of justice prevails in the native courts of civil and criminal law in Tenasserim; and that the perpetrators of any crime, treason perhaps excepted, may buy himself off, if able to furnish the requisite sum. Murder is punished with death; the culprit has his head struck off by a sword. If the victim of murder is a man of rank, the whole family of the murderer suffers the same penalty with him, in order, as the Burmans allege, that the children of the criminal shall not have an opportunity of avenging his death. A traitor, and a conspirator against the king, or a man of high rank, is blown up by gunpowder, and his near relatives suffer the same fate. They are all shut up in a house filled with straw, and gunpowder, and other combustibles, and the whole is fired by a fuse. Adultery, theft, and minor offences are commutable by fine; incestuous intercourse is punished by banishment. If a priest rescues a condemned person on his way to execution, and conveys him to a pagoda, his life is spared. Whatever laws or rules were made on the subject of inheritance, were seldom very strictly attended to; and, unless the deceased individual was a man of rank, the local chief of any Burman Government, in Tenasserim, used his discretion in apportioning it, taking care to pay himself handsomely for his self-constituted post of executor.

Capt. Low states, that the religion of the inhabi-



tants of the Tenasserim Coast is Buddhism, but that, as far as his own observation extended, it did not appear that they were such pious worshippers as the Peguans and Siamese. It could not be doubted, however, that the doctrines of Buddha had had great influence in softening and refining the manners of the people. Previous to its introduction, these nations must have been savage in the extreme, for they have left nothing to show that they cultivated the arts, or were acquainted with letters. The author considered, that the Burman pagodas were highly deserving attention and respect, and that they materially tended to confirm the supposition of Maurice, that the circular temples in England, the remains of which attracted notice to this day, particularly that of Stonehenge, were originally dedicated to Buddhist worship.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—March 7.—The President in the chair. Various rare and singular species of insects were exhibited by different Members, including a specimen of the Kangaroo Beetle, from Mexico, an insect of great rarity, hitherto unique, by J. G. Children, Esq. Sec. R.S., by whom, also, some curious specimens of Lepidopterous larvae were exhibited from New Zealand, from the neck of each of which a long twig-like appendage of a vegetable nature had been protruded. Specimens of poppy-heads, rendered useless by the attacks of a small Cynipidous insect, were exhibited by Mr. Westwood, as well as various new species of *Pausidae*.

The memoirs read were—

1. 'On the Golofa Beetle of Venezuela, and other allied species,' by the Rev. F. W. Hope.
  2. 'Notice of the explosive properties of *Brachinus crepitans*, observed several days after the death of the insect,' by Fred. Holme, Esq.
  3. 'Description of a new species of Water Beetle, from Cambridgeshire,' by C. E. Babington, Esq.
  4. 'Descriptions of new, and notes upon other Orthopterous Insects,' by Mr. G. R. Gray.
  5. 'Observations upon the economy of a South American species of the Coleopterous genus *Upis*, with a few remarks upon Carphophagous insects in general, tending to elucidate the origin of insects found in the hearts of full grown fruits,' by J. O. Westwood, &c.
- Frederick Holme, Esq., William Knott, Esq., and five other gentlemen, were elected Members of the Society.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society .....	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight.
MON.	Statistical Society .....	Eight.
	Royal Academy (Lect. on Sculpture) .....	Eight.
TUES.	Medical and Chirurgical Society .....	½ p. Eight.
	Civil Engineers .....	Eight.
	Zoological Society (Scient. business) .....	½ p. Eight.
	Society of Arts .....	½ p. Seven.
WED.	Geological .....	Eight.
	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
	Royal Society .....	½ p. Eight.
THUR.	Antiquarian Society .....	Eight.
	Society of Literature .....	Four.
	Royal Academy (Lect. on Painting) .....	Eight.
FRID.	Royal Institution .....	½ p. Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### KING'S THEATRE.

This Evening, (First time.) Bellini's Opera Seria, entitled *BEATRICE DI TENDA*; after which the Ballet of *L'ASYLUM*.

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, (First time.) Joanna Bailie's Tragedy of *HENRIQUEZ*; and *CHEVY CHASE*.  
On Monday, A Grand Opera, (in 3 acts), entitled *THE COBSAIR*; with the whole of the Music of Herold's Opera of 'Zampa'.  
Tuesday, A TRAGEDY; *CHEVY CHASE*; and an INTERLUDE, in which Young Burke will appear.  
Wednesday, There will be no Performance.  
Thursday, AN OPERA; *CHEVY CHASE*; and other Entertainments.  
Friday, (For the last time.) A Grand Selection of Ancient and Modern Music.

##### THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

MR. W. WAINE, Box-book-keeper, respectfully begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, his Friends, and the Public, that HIS REVENUE will take place on THURSDAY, the 25th inst. (last Night but one of the Season,) when will be performed, for the first time at this Theatre, the favourite Operatic Melodrama of GUY MANNERING: *Henry Britton*, Mr. Braham; *Colonel Mannerling*, Mr. Selby; *Dominic Sampson*, Mr. Barnett; *Dandie Diamond*, Mr. Stansford; (for this night only); *Gilbert Glavin*, Mr. Strickland; (for this night only); *Black Butcher*, Mr. Norman (his first appearance at this Theatre); *Julia Mannerling*, Mrs. Honey; *Lacy Britton*, Miss P. Horton; *Mrs. Merril*, Mrs. Selby. After which *MONSIEUR JACQUES*; to conclude with *THE MAGPIE*, OR *THE MAID*: *Annette*, Miss Allison. Private Boxes, Tickets, and Places, to be had at the Box Office.

**VOCAL SOCIETY.**—The fourth Concert was the best of the series, whether as to the number of its audience, (among whom were H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria,) or the excellence and variety of the scheme, and the general success of the performance: the band, too, was steadier and more delicate than usual, and the corps of principal singers stronger than it has hitherto been. The concert commenced with Mr. Attwood's second Coronation Anthem, 'O Lord, grant the King a long life'; then Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Turle, and Belamy, sung Cooke's glee, 'Mark where the silver queen of night,' in very fine and finished style. Miss Masson made her first appearance for the season in Gluck's delightful 'Che furò':—but the best thing of the act was the madrigal, 'Cynthia, the song enchanting,' by Croce; the increase in the number of female sopranos gave it a point and a finish which could not be exceeded. Dr. Boyce's venerable 'Softly rise,' was smoothly sung by Vaughan, (his performance of this air is one of the oldest of our musical recollections,) the accompaniment was well performed by Denman, who seems to be stepping into the place of Mackintosh. Mr. Horsley's glee, 'What sing the sweet birds,' is not one of his best; the words are too much in question and answer, and the complete division of the voices in the commencement, though perfectly suited to their catechetical form, has almost a comic effect. The composition, however, improves towards its conclusion; it was sung by Miss Woodyatt, Miss Hawes, Master Allen, Messrs. King, Fitzwilliam, and Atkins. Miss Rainforth was much applauded in Mozart's 'Parto, ma tu ben mio,' with Willman's accompaniment: to us she seems to want a refining master, and we fear that, unless she submits to the care of such an one, her energy may become extravagance, and her execution, coarse display. We are stricter in our judgment of this young lady than is our wont, because she possesses vocal capabilities of no common order, and her defects are precisely those which, if not early attended to, will be soon exaggerated past cure. The first act closed with a grand descriptive fantasia by Beethoven, for pianoforte, orchestra, and vocal corps, parts of which were very beautiful; we must however confess, that, as a whole, its significance escaped us, but it is too complicated a work to be followed or judged, on a solitary hearing; Mrs. Anderson took the pianoforte part, and the whole went with a very creditable steadiness. The same praise may be given to the selection from Spohr's 'Vater Unser,' which opened the second act; this is a sacred cantata upon 'The Lord's Prayer,' each movement of which ends with a petition.—Three movements were given on Monday: they remind us in many parts,—in almost all the phrases of melody,—of the airs and choruses of 'The Last Judgment,' and are, as every repetition must be, when compared with the original, inferior to that beautiful composition; but the third chorus, 'Thy boundless grace,' is fine, and bold, and flowing, and the subsiding effect at its close, very tranquil and devotional. Mrs. Bishop sang a charming *cantabile* 'Zeffiretti lusinghieri,' from 'Idomeneo': she was not perfect in her intonation all the evening, and this was especially felt in the quartette from Euryanthe, 'Alziam gli evviva': one of those happy things, spontaneous to wildness, yet exquisitely natural, in which Weber is alone. Dr. Calcott's 'With sighs, sweet rose,' was very sweetly sung: Mrs. E. Seguin, and Mr. Parry, Jun. were not happy in Jackson's 'Love in time eyes.' After this pleasant old duet, Mr. Balfe sang a canon of his own, to words of Moore's. The last piece we shall mention is, Festa's inimitable and quaint 'Down in a flowery vale.' We do not know which was loudest, the applause which accompanied the royal party, or that which recognized the pithy moral of this madrigal:  
If gold thou hast, fond youth, 'twill speed thy suing.  
But if thy purse be empty, come not to me a-wooing.

**QUARTETT CONCERTS.**—So liberal are our friends, the musicians, just now, that, were we to follow where the programmes of the week lead, our concert allowance would be one a day at least, and the season has scarcely begun. We only wish they would all provide us with amusement as choice and intellectual as the Quartett Concerts. Messrs. Blagrove, Dando, Gattie, and Lucas, gave their first *soirée* on Thursday, with the powerful assistance of Moscheles, Willman,

and Mrs. Bishop—the two former, with Mr. Dando, gave the utmost effect to Mozart's graceful trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola; and it is very difficult to make such easy music tell, paradoxical as our axiom may seem. Mrs. Bishop sang Beethoven's grand *scena*, 'Ah perfido,' with great delicacy and fervour: but we must now speak of the quartett. This was the most equally proportioned association of native talent we have yet met, and, therefore, about the most successful. Each instrument supported without overpowering its neighbour—and the pieces selected for performance, which were Onslow's quintett in F minor (Mr. Howell taking the *contrabasso* part), Haydn's quartett in E flat, op. 76, and Beethoven's second Razoumoffsky quartett, had obviously been closely studied, for they went with great exactness and finish. But shall we say more, and not be thought vexatiously particular? We must, according to our principle of applying the strictest criticism to the most select exhibitions of art, and, therefore, we cannot but state, that the meaning of the composer was often hinted merely, when it should have been insisted upon; that there was a want, in short, of that intense and poetical reading of the music, which, in compositions of this highest order, is requisite for their entire and satisfactory performance. There is as much difference between one player of Beethoven and another (granting equality of mechanical skill in both parties), as between clever Mrs. Anybody, in Lady Macbeth, and Mrs. Siddons, who made the part her own. But nothing is so certain to point out to our aspiring and well-trained young musicians wherein this difference lies, as these chamber performances, especially when so carefully prepared as the one under notice; for which reason we strenuously recommend them to the attention of all true lovers of the art.

**MR. SALAMAN'S CONCERT.**—If a full room, an excellent selection of music, a good orchestra, and the best singers attainable, make a good concert, Mr. Salaman's deserves the epithet. His scheme was, however, too long. We must confine ourselves, in noticing these benefit concerts, to their principal features. Mr. Salaman's own performance deserves high praise: he played Mozart's Posthumous Concerto in C major, with great elegance and spirit; not falling, as many young performers who adopt the expressive style are apt to do, into the slightest exaggeration or affectation: his other solo was a 'Fantasie Militaire,' by Pixis. Beethoven's overture to 'Leonora,' which opened the second act, warmed us thoroughly; it is too seldom performed, owing, perhaps, to its great difficulty. This, indeed, it is said, induced its composer to lay it aside in bringing out 'Fidelio,' and to substitute the slighter, but charming, composition now prefacing that opera. The singers who appeared were Madame Caradori, Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, Mr. Balfe, Signors Winter and Cartagena. We have a word—and that a very good word—to say of the latter. In the grand song from 'Maometto,' it is true that he did not equal Tamburini, whose performance of florid music is masterly, for its perfect measurement of time and breadth of manner, as combined with the utmost brilliancy of detail; but he sang it excellently, nevertheless, and gave us a higher idea of his executive powers, than his singing in 'La Straniera' had warranted us in entertaining. We can give him still higher praise, for the passion and dignity he threw into Paer's noble 'Qual sepolcro,' in which he was most ably supported by Miss C. Novello. Signor Cartagena, we suspect, has not much experience in concert-singing; but we expect the best things from him, and are anxious to see him on the stage in some part where his acting powers may be fully called into play.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Of *Bear-garden*, as it might more correctly be described, when speaking of Saturday night last—upon which evening there were produced two pieces, one miscalled 'Herold's celebrated opera of Zampa,' of which it proved but a miserable mutilation; the other described as 'an entirely new National Military Operatic Drama.' Following up the system of manufacturing the new dramas for this Theatre out of old ones from the Surrey, &c., the management has now favoured the public, under the title of 'Zampa, or, The Marble Bride,' with a portion of an opera called 'The Bridal

Promise,' which was done when the Covent Garden Company were acting at the Olympic, in 1833. We say a portion, because there are in the one *ten* pieces of music fewer than were in the other. With regard to the drama, as three acts had to be turned into two, there must necessarily have been not only cutting and carving, but *some* re-writing, to patch the holes; and thus, perhaps, the management may argue that it is better than a new piece, because it contains several new pieces. The music was, generally speaking, very indifferently sung, but there is so much pleasing melody in it, that it is next to impossible to spoil it entirely. We must except from this censure the charming air beginning with the words

*Myrtle and Rose but ill become me now,*

which was tolerably well given by Miss Turpin; and also Miss Romer's two songs, both of which were encored, the first most richly deserving the compliment. The dialogue and general arrangement of the piece come most distinctly under the head of water-guel without salt. It had, however, one negative merit,—it was short—and it was, so far, fortunate; for we suspect that if the adapter had not cut it short, the audience would. It is too poor an affair to have been interesting under any circumstances; but the slobbering haste in which it was bustled out, in order to anticipate another version at Drury Lane, sealed its fate, by preventing the possibility of the performers (except Miss Romer, who played the same part at the Olympic,) being at their ease, either as to music, or as to words!—such as they were. Its close was honoured with much disapprobation; but the poor little insignificant fate of this little piece was soon lost sight of, in the sudden death and deep damnation of the giant offender, which commenced its brief and stormy existence as the other twinkled off to sleep. 'The Fate of War, or, Adventures in a Camp,' was (according to the bills) a "National Military Operatic Drama;" but, according to our notions, it was neither national, military, operatic, nor even a drama. It was driven from the stage by the united yells of the audience; and the decision of that audience has been recorded and applauded by the whole press of the metropolis. As the body therefore lies, incapable of further mischief, upon the field where it was most justly slain, we should not come after it with our tomahawk and scalping-knife, or, rather, with our spade and mattock, did we not fear that unless we see to its interment it may taint the neighbouring air, to the infection of future productions. There was in this piece one sentence of such undisguised grossness, that we should not have been surprised to have seen the benches and chandeliers destroyed upon the instant—but the rising storm was at once repressed by the majority of the men present, evidently from a feeling that it was *too* gross to notice, and that it must therefore be overlooked in silence. How could such a thing pass author, reader, manager, licenser, and actors? In charity, we must hope that it somehow escaped the notice of all—but it is our duty to prove that it did not escape ours; and it is our invariable rule to watch with jealousy, and to animadvert with severity upon any and every infringement on the rules of decorum and propriety upon the stage. It is this, and this alone, which can ever put an effective weapon into the hands of its enemies. This "Drama"!!! was curiously ushered into the world. The overture, which consisted of a medley of favourite old tunes, was conducted by some person who was placed in such a situation, we should imagine, for the first time. Not content with flourishing his *baton* in the air, he chose to make his directions audible as well as visible, and accordingly he proceeded to rap the front of the orchestra, to the discomfiture of the musicians and the annoyance of the audience; a laugh soon commenced, and spread until it became general—the rapping grew louder—it was next answered by hissing; the conductor seemed to fancy that something was wrong, though he could not tell what, and so he rapped louder still; this increased the laughing, and the laughing increased the rapping, until at last the house was in a roar, and the orchestra were playing for dear life to obtain a hearing—yet still, quickly and distinctly, above all the din, came the short sharp raps of the eternal *baton*; and the irresistibly ludicrous spectacle was presented, of a whole audience shouting

with simultaneous laughter at one who sat with his back to them, still sedulously labouring to increase the mirth, of which he was utterly unconscious of being the cause. The rest of the music, of which there was an unreasonable quantity, was tedious, misplaced, and ineffective. The piece, in our humble opinion, had every fault that every [previous had piece ever had, with some new ones peculiar to itself. It purported to be a sort of fragment of the Peninsular war, and one tendency of it seemed to be to revive the exploded twaddle of thirty years ago, about any number of Frenchmen running away, as a matter of course, from one Englishman; there was a bit of theatrical twaddle also, of about the same date, in the person of a Gascon drum-major, who was the only Frenchman who spoke broken English. As a specimen or two of the military knowledge displayed in this military drama, we have a British officer, who, being in want of some friends to whom he may unbosom himself upon the subject of his family and personal secrets, selects for confidants a drummer boy, an Irish grenadier, and a great vulgar gin-drinking Irish sutler! Then we have a little wretched child, the son of the French General, which child falls into the custody of the aforesaid grenadier early in the piece, who ever after carries it about on his shoulders, in weal and in woe, in action and on sentry. Fifty more such absurdities met us at every turn, but we cannot stop or stoop to recount them. As a specimen of the language, we may offer the following. The officer who has been a gay man, and something of a gay deceiver, is warned of his misdeeds, while he is supposed to be fast asleep, by a good solid flesh and blood phantom, who stands near his couch and sings a song, accompanied by herself on a very tolerable second-hand guitar. He awakes, and brings in his own little reform bill: he first soliloquizes, and throws away his dice; and next destroys a packet of old letters, which he denounces as the something (wretched, we think, was the word,) "muniments of his spurious love." Of the military evolutions, we shall say no more than that a better bit of uproarious fun was never offered to the galleries of any theatre; a more miserable exhibition of inefficiency and folly was never made upon any stage. The piece, properly speaking, was damned three times. Once in the second act, when Mr. Wallack was called forward, and, amongst other things, told the house that "if it was nonsense, he didn't write it." Once at the end, when its funeral knell was rung in one triumphant howl, without a solitary voice or hand being raised to save it. And once afterwards; for the audience would not separate until they had again the stage manager before them, and had made him give them a regular receipt for its condemnation. Mr. H. Wallack took this opportunity to clear himself as far as he could, by stating in plain terms that "if he had been allowed to have his own way, the confusion which had been witnessed would not have occurred, for that he would have substituted common sense for nonsense." It is impossible to guess upon what grounds the management persuaded itself to permit the public representation of such a thing. If any judgment had been exercised, we should be inclined to say that there was an error in it, but we could discover no grounds on which to found such a charge. Talk of reduction of prices, indeed,—why such an entertainment would be dear at Boxes—Fourpence; Pit—Threepence; Gallery—a Penny. In truth, though we may joke upon the matter, it was a melancholy sight to witness such profanation of the hall of the Kembles; and none who remember, as we do, the splendid establishment which Covent Garden once was, could contemplate it in its "changed estate," without the tribute of a sigh to its departed greatness.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Discovery of an Englishman, who has resided for thirty-three years among the Savages at Port Philip.*—[The following is abridged from the *Van Dieman's Land Magazine*. The circumstances appear to have excited great interest in the colony, and are the subject of a leading article in the *Hobart Town Courier*, obligingly forwarded to us.]—Mr. Batman and others, referred to, had removed from Van Dieman's Land, and to Port Philip, on the coast of New South Wales, with the intention of establishing themselves there as settlers and large sheep farmers. Soon after their

arrival they were struck by the stately gait of the natives; by the colour of many, and the European countenances of some individuals, and by the comparative civilization which prevailed. Rude embankments with tolerable stone facings were found in parts constructed across creeks and inlets, with convenient sluices for the purpose of catching fish at the fall of the tide. Several of the bark shelters or wigwams were formed in a superior and comfortable manner, tolerably well thatched, with a narrow opening for the doorway, and fire-place in front.—Pieces of wood were hollowed or scooped out to serve as calabashes or buckets to carry water, and the dresses of kangaroo skins were neatly joined together with regular stitches, and cut away so as to form a convenient vesture. The settlers however had not domiciled themselves in their new position many days when these and various other indications of ingenuity were satisfactorily explained by the appearance of a white man, clothed in a kangaroo-skin cloak. He was at first rather timid in his approaches; but when spoken to kindly, and offered a piece of bread, he threw off his reserve, and after eating the bread with apparent relish, and looking at it as if endeavouring to bring something to his recollection he exclaimed with symptoms of delight glowing in his face 'bread!' Other English words soon returned to his memory, and he was at last enabled to communicate, that his name was William Buckley—that he had been one of those who escaped from the encampment of the prisoners by the ship *Ocean*, formed by the late Col. Collins, in attempting, agreeably to the instructions of the British Government, to form a settlement at Port Philip in 1803—that he had lived ever since with the tribe of the Aborigines, whom he then met with in the bush, and over whom he had long exercised the rule of a chief. He is a very tall man, having served as a grenadier in Holland under the late Duke of York, is from 58 to 60 years of age, and in excellent health. Through the assistance of the new settlers, he has forwarded a petition to the Lieutenant Governor, praying for a pardon, mainly with a view, we presume, to enable him to remain where he is, and to communicate the result of his intimacy with that interesting country, and the many valuable discoveries which he has made in it. This, we are glad to learn, his Excellency has been kindly pleased to grant, impressing at the same time upon him the expectation that he will continue to do all in his power to maintain an amicable intercourse between the Aborigines and the Whites: for he had already been the means of preventing a sanguinary attack of his tribe, through misapprehension, on the little party already settled there. In a philosophical point of view, this discovery is truly interesting, and a narrative of his various vicissitudes, during his long sojourn, well told, would rival the classic work of Robinson Crusoe. Two other prisoners from the *Ocean* absconded with him, but he had never seen or heard of them since the end of the first twelve-month when he joined the Blacks.

*Warm Springs.*—A warm spring formerly existed at Aix, in Provence, which bore the name of Sextus, and which furnished an abundant quantity of water. On digging some of the ground outside the town, 100 paces distant from this spring, one of cold water was discovered, which was afterwards employed in turning a mill. From that time the warm spring diminished, and at length, from the laying open of other springs at about the same distance, became perfectly dry. In 1721, at the time that the plague raged at Aix, the physicians having declared, that this warm spring would be highly beneficial for bathing, the other springs were stopped; and in twenty-two days after, the warm spring reappeared. Since then the cold springs have been reopened, and the Sextus has again ceased to flow. Supposing that which appears to be self-evident, that the one influences the other, it would seem, that the water is twenty-two days traversing these 1000 paces; and it is probable, that during this interval it descends to a great depth before it remounts to the spring of Sextus, all of which may afford another proof of the increase of the internal temperature of the globe. M. Freycinet, being about to travel to Aix, M. Arago has obtained an authority from the French Academy of Sciences, addressed to the magistrates of that place, requesting them to assist M. Freycinet in his investigation of the fact.



Bank, Shemeld with the bank post office, and the London Banking-houses of Messrs. Williams, Deacon Thornton, & Co. Birchin-lane, City; or Messrs. Ransom & Co Pall Mall East, Westminster.

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